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A Tribute

TO

THOMAS STARR KING.

A TRIBUTE

TO

THOMAS STARR KING.

BY

RICHARD FROTHINGHAM.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
1865.

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THE INNER NATURE.

"TO–DAY is the fourth of March: sad news will go over the wires to-day." Thus spoke THOMAS STARR KING, at San Francisco, at about eight o'clock in the morning; and, a few minutes later, he was dead. As the intelligence spread through the city, there was sorrow on all faces. Unusual stillness was in the marts of trade. Public business was suspended. The courts and the Legislature were adjourned. The national flag was everywhere set at half-mast. The city was in mourning. "A Christian minister," — it was said from the bench, — "a Christian patriot, has fallen. Tears will fall for him in the homes of poverty and distress; they will dim

the eyes of brave soldiers from the Mississippi to the Potomac; and good men and true men all over our land, made better and truer by his great, brave, and lucid thoughts and his burning eloquence, will weep for him as for a brother."* And this was seen as the tidings of the calamity went over the wires and through the land. It expressed the general sense of a great public loss, and the wide feeling that one of uncommon work and gifts had gone to his reward. A proud New-England inspiration lifted the thought of the Pacific mourners to a view of the cheering side of the Providence, in words of solemn joy and triumph:—

"Mingle, O bells! along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope;
Wave cheerily still, O banner! half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town;
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain."

The beauty of Israel had fallen on the high places. For him, however, there could be no mourning. The early vow had been faithfully

* Judge Blake, of San Francisco.

kept. The good fight had been fought. The servant, "happy, trustful, resigned," had risen in sublime triumph to meet the Master.

The closing scene made the crowning of a beautiful life, on which the old and the young, the unlettered and the learned, may find it useful to ponder. It has called forth heartfelt tributes. It is a theme worthy to be handled by genius and learning. When the time comes for the calm and complete record, it will need but a narrative of high aims, heroic struggles, and solid triumphs, to make a thing of joy for ever. Being dead, Starr King still speaks. As he moved along on the earth, practising the virtues and achieving the work that will keep his memory green, his immediate object was very simple. He strove to keep himself unspotted. He aimed for the Christian heights. He consecrated, even in youth, the powers with which the Almighty had endowed him, to the good of his fellow-men. He early grasped "a glorious faith and a noble philosophy," which were to him inspiration and protection. This morning consecration, with the inner

spring of fidelity to duty working under every outward phase and ever triumphant, is the key of this remarkable life.

THOMAS STARR KING was a son of Thomas Farrington King, of English descent, and of Susan Starr, of German descent. Her father's name was Thomas Starr. Both families resided in the city of New York. The father of Starr was rather above the medium height, quick and vivacious in his movements, full of humor, with a sympathetic nature, uncommon imitative powers, noble generosity of soul, and of fine social qualities. He was a Universalist clergyman; and, much as he loved the order in the fellowship of which he passed his life, his theological views widened out beyond the bounds of sect or creed. In the classification of the day, he sympathized with the Restorationists. He was distinguished for a fervent and apostolic delivery, and rendered hymns with marked unction and effect. The Starr Family have manifested uncommon intellectual power; and, whatever there may be in this case of inherited

influence, the subject of this tribute may be said to have had from his father his geniality, and from his mother his intellectual traits.

Starr, as he was familiarly called, was born in the city of New York, Dec. 17, 1824. His father was preaching on a circuit in Connecticut, and lived in Norwalk; and his mother was then on a visit to her family. When about five weeks old, the mother, with the child, returned to Norwalk. In the following spring, the father settled in Hudson, N. Y., where, located amidst the scenery of this noble river, the family remained four years. The pastor then (1828), leaving a wide circle of friends, removed to Portsmouth, N. H., to take the charge of a larger society; where Starr spent the next six years of his boyhood, inhaling New England's hardy influences. While here, he was sent to a private school kept by Mr. Harris, where, beside learning the rudiments of knowledge, he became, for one of his age, a good Latin and French scholar; and the pupil ever spoke in grateful terms of good Master Harris's faithful drilling in the Latin

Grammar. "Starr, what are you going to make?" a clergyman one day asked him while living here; and the quick-spoken reply was, "Don't know: something pretty smart." Another thing is told of him of a different cast. At the dinner-table, when his father asked the customary blessing, Starr habitually sat with folded hands and closed eyes; and at the end said, "Amen." While living at Hudson, he, with other children, was dining at the table of an Episcopal clergyman, who was so struck with this manner and response, that he spoke of it to the mother. This practice was continued at Portsmouth. "Starr," his mother says, "for years always said 'Amen' at grace." Because this was taken up of his own accord, and grew into a habit, it may be looked upon as an unconscious reaching forth of the inner nature to the Spirit. The child, like Samuel of old, "grew on, and was in favor with the Lord, and also with men."

The father, in 1835, removed to Charlestown, Mass., to be the pastor of the large Universalist society there. Starr was sent to

the Bunker-hill Grammar School, of which Mr. William D. Swan, recently a member of the Massachusetts Senate, was the principal, who well recollects the fire of his declamation of the passage beginning, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote" for independence, which Daniel Webster put into the mouth of John Adams. On a change of residence, Starr was sent to the Winthrop School, of which Mr. Joshua Bates was the principal. There being no high school in the town, the committee made an arrangement with Mr. Bates to attend, out of school-hours, to a class who were fitting for college; and Starr was one of this class. His teacher writes, "I well remember the first entrance of that interesting boy, Thomas Starr King, under my charge; his gentleness of manner, his beaming eye, his expressive face. His mind grasped, and comprehended with wonderful acumen, every subject presented to his consideration." As a scholar, he took the foremost rank in his class. His recitations conveyed the impression of

maturity far beyond his years. His compositions evinced great vigor of thought, and method of treatment; and one of them, on the character of Washington, first written in English, and then translated into Latin, was exhibited by his teacher to two distinguished scholars, who pronounced it to be a remarkable production for one so young. His declamation was impressive and graceful. "The chief and distinguishing characteristic," Mr. Bates says, "of his school-life, consisted in his sincerity, purity of heart, honesty of purpose, and uniform gentlemanly deportment. I can call to remembrance no act or word in his school-days to censure or disapprove. Always cheerful, industrious, and conscientious, he left no duty unperformed, but lived up to all the requirements of the school-room with the most scrupulous exactness."

While Starr was reading Virgil and Cicero, and earning this tribute, his father was laboring under a deep-seated disease, and was in straitened pecuniary circumstances. Starr was placed in a dry-goods store in Charlestown

(an arrangement designed to be but temporary), where, among other duties, he kept the books. He had taken final leave of school. He was now a bright-eyed, vivacious, lovable lad, of slender form, golden hair, ruddy complexion, winning ways, and of quick perception; uncommonly mirthful, and as fond of books as he was of fun; in a word, having the usual marks of a precocious youth, without erratic or roving ways. He was a regular attendant at the Sunday school. The father saw, with all a parent's pride, the unfolding powers of his gifted son, and designed for him a collegiate course. Thus early Starr looked forward to be a minister of the gospel; indeed, his mother cannot recollect when he did not talk of it: so that he grew up with this as his plan for life. When he was about thirteen years of age, while his father was on a visit to the West, he prepared a sermon, which he sent to the editor of the "Christian Freeman;" and it appeared in that paper. Starr did not, subsequently, look back with satisfaction on this affair; but it is interesting as a manifestation of his inner nature.

"The life of Mr. King," one of his teachers says, "from early youth to the grave, was always sincere, pure, enthusiastic. His earnest nature, his glorious aspirations, his love of the true and the beautiful, his honesty of heart in all he said and did, gave a peculiar charm to his eventful life. He constantly exemplified, in all he did, that principle and moral thoughtfulness were the controlling motives of action."*

* A communication from Mr. Bates, on the school-days of Mr. King, will be found in the Appendix.

THE EARLY CONSECRATION.

WHILE Starr was selling dry-goods, a radiant death (September, 1839) ended the sufferings and the labors of his father, at the age of forty-two. A spontaneous closing of the places of business, an impressive service in the church, a great funeral procession, and a gathering of thousands on the ancient burial-mound of Charlestown, testified to the general affection and respect that bore the sacred remains to their resting-place. On the evening of the day of this scene, a young man, a stranger in the place, occupied the vacant pulpit, and discoursed on faith; and, as the church was draped in mourning for the recent bereavement, the lesson was enforced

with uncommon effect. The preacher followed his manuscript until near the close of the sermon, when, summoning the event of the hour for illustration, he left his notes, and abandoned himself to his theme; when his deep, rich voice was full of emotion, and had a pathos and power which thrilled the great and breathless assembly. It was eloquence; for it was inspiration of soul. The preacher was Edwin H. Chapin, who became the successor of the deceased pastor, and the close, life-long friend of Thomas Starr King.

Starr remained in business pursuits; and he now began to appropriate his earnings to the support of the family, which continued in a greater or less degree through life. Thus, at fifteen, he became the main stay of his mother, and acted as a father to the five younger children. Here is seen the practice of a filial and fraternal piety, which, like a "gem of purest ray serene," gilds his whole career. He ever performed the duties required of him in a prompt and faithful manner, aiming to do his best, as though it was not a small matter,

but an important thing, to be useful. None, at the time, spoke more enthusiastically of his intellectual gifts, and none to-day talk more lovingly of his memory, than they who saw him daily in business. He won the warm commendation of his employer. He now bore a leading part in the formation of a circle of young men, of his own age, for mutual improvement by debates, declamations, and dramatic readings. Brutus was one of the parts which he took. He was the life of this circle, which continued for about two years; and the preparation for these exercises was a valuable discipline. On its dissolution, he engaged, with one of its members, in a written controversy, on the condition of the wicked after death, which was quite elaborate. "All the members loved him," one of them says. He sought books eagerly at this period; his communings were with the great masters of thought; and, as he mused, the fire burned. Nor were his musings aimless; for his efforts were never turned from self-culture, nor his thoughts from his mission.

It happened that some of the members of the Charlestown School Committee knew the turn of Starr's mind and the circumstances of his family; and by their influence he was appointed (Dec. 6, 1840) an assistant teacher in the Bunker-Hill Grammar School, — which he had first entered as a pupil. When he was informed of this by members of the committee, he said, with a modesty that was characteristic, "I am sorry I am not better qualified for the place." The principal of this school was Mr. Benjamin F. Tweed, now one of the professors of Tufts College, who became a life-long friend of Starr. He entered upon his new vocation with a light heart; and he soon lived down whatever doubts were felt in the community as to the good judgment exercised by the School Committee in the selection of a youth not sixteen.

Starr was placed in charge of a separate room. The quick-judging minds of the pupils recognized the presence of superior intellect in the clearness, simplicity, and readiness of the explanations which the recitations required; and

they saw, that, young as he was, he brought to his tasks abundant resources. He aimed to do his work well. He aimed to do his best here, as he had done in business. And a beautiful outside reputation of boy-character and fame came to his aid, as he was talked about in families. It also went round among the pupils that he had been the foremost scholar in the Winthrop School, and that he knew several languages. There was no bad conduct that could be brought up against him to counteract this. He had influence with his pupils, and his fidelity to his task was rewarded with success. "I have succeeded," he says, "as well as I expected with the school; but it is hard work."

While his calling now aided in his work of discipline, his time out of school was mainly devoted to study. He applied himself to the languages. An instance, showing the steady bent of his mind for the ministry, is seen in the questions which he put to a phrenologist at this time. The subject was now attracting unusual attention, and it was characteristic in the young

teacher to look into it. A zealous disciple (Mr. O. S. Fowler) was lecturing in Boston, and examining heads. Starr called upon him, was examined, and got a pamphlet containing a description of the organs, with the size of each of his own indicated in figures. In a letter (May 27, 1841), he gives the result of his examination, which may serve two turns, — a contribution to science, and an illustration of character: —

"About two or three weeks since, I called on O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist! and such a head as he gave me! My stars! After detailing the size of the organs, he told me I should enter a profession, and advised me by all means to study for the law. He inferred that this would be more congenial to my feelings, from the smallness of conscientiousness and veneration, and the preponderance of combativeness and destructiveness, with large causality and hope. As you may imagine, I did not consider this announcement a very flattering compliment to my moral faculties. I therefore popped the question to the gentleman, How I was qualified

for the ministry; — to which he replied by laughing! (think of it!) telling me that this profession was out of the question, since I was by no means serious; and a lack of veneration would be a sad defect. A gentleman who went with me inquired as to the doctrine I would preach. 'Why,' said Fowler, 'thorough-going Universalist.' But he told me I would be a very eloquent speaker, whatever profession I might choose; and assured me that I would one day become an author! He said there was no doubt of that; and finally advised me to cultivate conscientiousness and bodily health; said I had a strong constitution, but thought it would break when I arrived at the age of twenty years."

This letter is signed "T. Starr King, the eloquent speaker and (is to be) author."

At seventeen, he read metaphysics with the avidity and relish with which most young people read sensation novels; handling abstruse problems as though it were but play to do it. Professor Tweed, writing of this period of his life, and of his love of metaphysics, says, "He

would read what seemed to me an involved and obscure passage from Kant with a 'What do you think of that?' and when I began to scowl, and express a doubt whether I perfectly understood it, he would instantly state it in terms which rendered it as clear as daylight. The fact is, he was not a *hard* student: he was incapable of hard study. The most abstruse problems furnished him only with intellectual play. He had a natural affinity for knowledge. Its acquisition was not labor, but a delight." He loved to talk and to write on, to most minds, the forbidding theme of metaphysics. An illustration is seen in a long, off-hand letter which he addressed (Nov. 3, 1842) to a friend in New York, who informed him of his purpose to enter upon a course of philosophical reading. After a strain of humorous matter, he gives an elaborate statement of the different schools of philosophy: —

"If I can assist you in any manner during your 'nights of prayer and devotion,' I shall be most happy. I have just vanity enough, moreover, to believe that I can. You intend com-

mencing a course of philosophical studies this winter. That's right. Hurrah! How funny to write to you as a brother abstractionist! Well, you should first make up your mind to what course of philosophical reading you will devote your time, moral or intellectual. However, whether you engage in one or the other, you will need some reading in metaphysics, and will desire to become acquainted with all the possible forms of mental philosophy. There is the sensual school, as it is termed, who contend that all knowledge is derived solely through the medium of the senses. They view mind as merely material effect, derived *from*, dependent *upon*, and dying with, the bodily organization. This philosophy, for various and obvious reasons, has been the first which has been evolved from the philosophical genius of every people. It appeared first in India; and, after reflection was awakened in Greece, was developed, prior to any other system, by the Ionian school. You will desire to become acquainted with the writings and ideas of this school. It is the philosophy of the atheists, but is also held

by many Christians, who turn its keen edge by the revelations of the Bible, relying on that for proof of the soul's future existence. In modern times, it has been systematically defended by the French atheists, who drew it from the famous John Locke. You will probably need to be acquainted with his work on the Human Understanding; though you might as well try to read a dictionary through for pleasure as *his* work. Among all nations where philosophy has been cultivated, you will find, that in opposition to the sensualists, or philosophers of sensation, there have arisen idealists. Unsatisfied with the theory of the former as to the origin of human knowledge, they have shown that all knowledge *is* not and *cannot* be derived from sensation and through the senses. Man has *many* ideas, and those the most *essential*, which the senses cannot reveal; nay, without which experience itself would be impossible. Such a philosopher was Plato, the purest and best idealist, perhaps, of any age. In modern times, the idealism prevalent can be traced to the great German, Kant, who, in his immortal

work, 'Critique of Pure Reason,' establishes beyond any question the impossibility of explaining all knowledge by experience and sensations, and even gives us the list of those ideas which man obtains through some other medium. This medium, he contends, is pure reason. Sensation may furnish the grounds of knowledge. It is by *occasion* of experience that man knows; but man does not *derive* all knowledge from sensation and experience. Reason itself is a primary source of ideas. You will observe that the sensual school give to reason only the power of drawing and framing new ideas from the stock already furnished by sensation. Kant and the idealists contend that it (reason) *gives* new ones, which are not contained in those of sensation, which the senses cannot furnish. Reason reveals universal truths, propositions applicable to all times and every possible condition; while the senses can only make us acquainted with what *is* now, not with that which *must* be. The 'Critique of Pure Reason' of Kant has not been rendered into any readable English version. All that,

for the present, you may care to know of it, may be found in the 'Psychology' of Cousin, Henry's translation. Cousin is the most luminous metaphysical writer you can read. His positions are clear; his language not to be misunderstood; his reasoning acute, logical, convincing. First of any other, I would advise you to read *his work*. It is in refutation of Locke and the sensual school, and was the instrument, with his other lectures, of reforming thoroughly the philosophical studies of France. His important arguments are borrowed from Kant, but clothed in a style far more simple and interesting than that of the *great* abstractionist. The philosophy of Cousin, understood as eclecticism, is now the philosophy of France and of the greatest men in this country. Brownson objects to some of his theories, but not probably to any of his reasonings, in his 'Psychology.' By a careful perusal of Cousin's work, you will get a good knowledge of the sensual school, its weak points, the best method of refuting them, and a list of the ideas which every human being has which cannot come from

the senses. The criticism on Locke's account of the origin of space, time, the Infinite, &c., is the finest piece of logic I ever read. It will bear to be *rused* and *per*used, as Father Rayner says, and never weary you. Platt probably has it, or your library. There is also the sceptical school of philosophy. Its followers believe that nothing can be proved; nothing is certain. Life is short, sense is difficult, intellect is weak. They think nothing can be proved, because we know not whether our faculties are veracious, and reveal things as they are. Life may be one continual dream. We are so constituted, that we are compelled to think and believe as we *do* believe, without the power of proving that our thoughts and knowledge are real. The greatest expounder of the doctrines of this school has been David Hume, the Scotchman, in his 'Essays.' It was in refutation of this work that Kant arose in his might. The sceptical school is the legitimate consequence of the sensual school, and has always followed in its train. Thus Hume builds his scepticism on the principles of Locke; and,

when Kant and Cousin demonstrated the falseness of the former, scepticism, of course, fell with it. The fourth great school of philosophy is the mystical school, a pretty fair exposition of whose doctrines you may hear in every true-blue Calvinistic sermon. For them, human reason is weak, delusive, deceptive. It is no safe guide. Earth and its pleasures are all vanity, human life a miserable routine, and all action folly. Hence they abandon themselves to pious contemplation; endeavoring to become lost, as it were, in the Deity, and seeking truth in a contemplation of his essence by a sort of inspiration. This philosophy is founded on a low view of man and his powers, and will not be likely to triumph in these days of steam-engines, Universalism, and theatres, as the present prospects of pure Orthodoxy will testify. Out from these great systems of intellectual philosophy have sprung corresponding theories of moral philosophy, a sketch of which, as room fails me in this letter, I will give you at some future time, if agreeable. I forgot to say any thing to you of the Brownsonian system

of philosophy, partly because I am not very well acquainted with it, and partly because you can become familiar with it through the 'Democratic Review.' I know not what to make of his theory of subjective and objective life. It seems to me that it is the old idea, that circumstances influence our character; for circumstances would be classed by Brownson as the objective. But it also seems to me that he does not give sufficient power to the subjective, or man. Man, no doubt, *is* influenced by circumstances; that is, by society and existing institutions. But man is not *made* by circumstances. He can re-act upon them, and govern them somewhat. Otherwise, where is accountability? If man cannot govern circumstances, if he is not free in a certain sense, why punish him? Charge his crimes or delinquencies to the objective, not to him. He is not accountable. Reform him; strive to modify and improve as much as possible the existing institutions of their times. But how? How can there be a reformer? If, as Brownson says, men and their institutions are the objective for posterity,

and if this posterity are formed spiritually by this objective, and cannot rise above it, *every* poet, *every* reformer, every man greater than his age, must be literally inspired. But who can believe such a doctrine as this? I prefer to believe that the premises are too exclusive to accepting the conclusions. Neither do I see in Christ, as he describes him, all that he contends is there. — But I will not torture you any longer with this at present. Though we can accept, with some modifications, his theory of subjective and objective life, still Channing's view of *man* to me is far more interesting and more consistent. I prefer to believe that man has within him 'elements of the Divinity,' which can be called forth, and which, by being developed, constitute man's progress and glory, to accepting the doctrine, that man by nature is alien from God, does not naturally aspire, and must be first stirred and then led on by the Divinity in all his progress. I prefer Channing's position, that human nature must be assumed infallible somewhere, than to subscribe to Brownson's notion, that man must not be-

lieve Christianity, because Christianity is in harmony with reason and his nature, but must yield implicit faith to it for — I know not what.

"Let me know how you prosper in philosophy. Perhaps, in future letters, I will bore you with some of the ideas of Plato. By the way, Cousin advises all young students like us to become acquainted with Grecian philosophy; a task to which I have been devoting myself for some little time. A very common work you can obtain, probably, called Enfield's 'Philosophy.' It is merely a statement of the doctrines of the different schools among the Greeks; not good for much, but fit to be read prior to a better. Cousin, in his lectures (in French), untranslated, gives a good synopsis of the progress of inquiry among them."

While reading about Grecian philosophy, a letter, full of fun, in which there is hardly a word about metaphysics, winds off thus: —

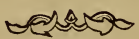
"As soon as I become fully acquainted with the principles of the Eleatic school, I shall write him [J. H.]. At present, I am perplexed with

a doubt whether there be an impossibility in an original multiplicity of things, on the ground that the non-being, as the separative of unity, is not; or whether the multiplicity of a self-developing vitality cannot be reconciled with an all-governing unity, since the perfect cannot be subject to change. With regard to Pythagoras, I have become convinced that an individual number can only arise by a separation from the mass of units which originally were held together by the primal number; and, as this separation implies the existence of a void, the determimate must logically become, by opposition to the interval, the limit. You may not be surprised to learn that I talk of writing a book."

While thus early he could grasp and grow on the profound problems, or could harmlessly play with the nets and the nonsense, of metaphysics, his spiritual side was strengthened and developed by communion with religious natures. Only those who heard him talk can tell what a ministry to his spirit was the affluence of utterance and companionship of his beloved pastor.

He ever retained for Dr. Chapin a warm affection. On being called on, at a festival in Faneuil Hall, to respond to a sentiment in honor of absent friends, Mr. King thus referred to him: "What can be said fitly, by any single speaker, when we come to another name that is in all your minds? What can be said, that is competent, of E. H. Chapin, — God bless him! Call upon the band to respond with all its instruments, if you would do proper honor to him, and to the feeling of this assembly for him. Nay, sir, some great organ should be wakened in answer to his name. Let a master draw the diapason, and open the pedal of the great leviathan of music, and he cannot let loose such a thrilling surge of passion as has swept this hall when Chapin has poured from his breast stormy denunciations of injustice, and fervid prophecies of future good; and then let him draw the sweetest flute-stop, and he cannot pour out melody so pleading and pathetic as the Holy Spirit breathes through the tender, sunny, and melting tones in which Chapin portrays and illustrates the infinite love."

His letters now indicate his theological bias. "I enjoyed," he writes, "a rich conversation with Bro. Chapin on philosophy and religion." Of one of his sermons, Starr says, "It was devoted to an illustration of the difference between an atheistical and Christian reformer. At the close, Channing was mentioned in a touching and beautiful manner." Starr was a child of enthusiasm; and his feelings as to the great divine, then just departed, are seen in the words, "Channing! — all the eulogies that have been pronounced on him throughout the land cannot do justice to him." He also shared with his pastor in his admiration of Martineau, and would delight to point out and linger on rich passages in his utterances. On his return from visits to New York, he would talk in glowing terms of the eloquence of Dr. Dewey. He had a hospitable mind, and was as generous in acknowledgments as he was eager in receptivity.



THE PREPARATION.

STARR'S real life may be said to have been rather in his ideas, his feelings, and his studies, than in outward things, well as he discharged his daily duties, and much as he enjoyed society. At eighteen, he began the special preparation which he considered essential in order to be a preacher of the gospel.

While an assistant teacher in the Grammar School, Starr proposed to a few members of the Debating Association before named to attend regularly the usual monthly Sunday-evening lectures in town, and, without taking notes, to write out as much of the sermon as each could remember, and then compare each other's man-

uscripts. One of them fell into the proposal, and, with Starr, continued the practice for an entire winter. "Starr," he says, "used to get by far the most of the sermon." Towards the last, they procured the manuscript of one of the sermons they had thus endeavored to write out; and Starr had taken nearly the whole of it.

His letters indicate his love of religious literature. His words on Channing, already cited, show his estimate of this divine: he was familiar with his utterances, and had imbibed their spirit; indeed, he was ever quick to know things of note in theology; and, as soon as they appeared, he would have them in hand, either from the choice storehouse of his pastor or from elsewhere; for neither Chapin nor King would sleep without knowing the last word from a real teacher. He now attended the lectures delivered by Professor James Walker, of Harvard College, at the Lowell Institute. The lecturer had been formerly the pastor of the Unitarian Society in Charlestown twenty-one years; but, resigning this charge about the time Starr's

father died, he removed to Cambridge, and did not meet Starr while he lived in Charlestown. Starr's attendance on these lectures is termed by Professor Tweed, who shared his confidential counsels, an era in his life.

In a letter to his aunt in New York, Feb. 22, 1842, he refers, among other things, to these lectures: —

"I am keeping yet at the same school, and like as usual. There has been a strong effort made this winter to set off that part of the town above the Canal Bridge as a separate village, to be called Somerville. Two very serious evils would result from this, which, if the town takes seriously into account, would, no doubt, determine them not to divide. In the first place, we should lose Old —— as a citizen; and, secondly, an incalculable injury would be experienced by the urchins around these parts, in the loss of my services as teacher, since they would no longer be needed, on account of the small number of *pup*-ils which would be left, if the proposed separation should be effected.

"Rev. E. H. C. is doing a good business yet. Society full. He has preached some gospel sermons, lately, on the revivals of the day. What are you New-Yorkers doing in the way of saving souls? Oh! if your benighted region could have the saving influence of Bro. Knapp for a season! I know he often thinks of his associates in New York; for I heard him say, not long ago, that, when he sees one of those ladies who take pride in dress and show, he always thinks of some of those *fat oxen* which the butchers in New York trim up with ribbons, and drive around the streets for people to gaze at, and afterwards drive to the slaughter-yard, and knock their brains out. So it is — said he — with these silly women. The Devil is now driving them around, all dressed in finery, for people to gaze at; but, by and by, he'll scrape them into *hell* to everlasting damnation! Sell thy jewels!

"I have enjoyed a rich treat this season in attending Dr. Walker's lectures on natural religion, before the Lowell Institute. It is our Charlestown Dr. Walker. But he never spoke

half so well as he has in delivering these lectures. The Odeon was crowded during the whole twelve nights. I took notes of them all. So, one of these days, I may enlighten the western people upon that subject. There was such a demand for tickets, and such a scarcity, that I had almost given up all hope of obtaining one, when I received a letter of introduction to the reverend doctor. So out I posted to Cambridge, enjoyed a lively conversation with the professor (which turned principally on the degree of intellect of the oyster, whether it reasoned *à priori* or *à posteriori*), and obtained two tickets for the course. I have also a ticket to Professor Silliman's course on chemistry, which commences this evening."

Before the conclusion of Dr. Walker's lectures, a vacancy occurred in the West Grammar School of Medford, a town about three miles from Charlestown; and Starr applied for the place, which was the higher and independent one of principal. His youth and youthful looks suggested doubts as to the expediency of the selection. A dear friend of his

father happened to be a member of the School Committee of this town, — Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, who was the pastor of the Universalist Society here, and became the first president of Tufts College. He interested himself for the applicant, and Starr was successful. After his appointment (Nov. 25, 1842), the family removed to Medford. Starr soon writes, "I am very much pleased with the change, and delighted with the Medford people;" and he invited his friends to view its rural beauties, cool retreats, and shady bowers.

This change seemed to him and his friends but the simple question of a wider field of labor and larger means of support; but, viewed in the light of after-events, it looks more like Providence shaping his ends. Dr. Ballou was of childlike simplicity of character, of varied and profound learning, wise, good, and great; and, a few weeks after the appointment, he remarked to the writer of this tribute, that, while Medford had gained a faithful and competent teacher, he had found a rare and precious friend. What love and confidence grew up between

these gifted and kindred souls! and how interesting it was to see them together! One of silver locks, rich in ancient and modern lore,—the other of boyish face, athirst for knowledge, and scaling the heights with the scholar's enthusiasm; and both of wit that was quick, of easy flow, elicited by the commonest things, and, diamond-like, sharp and sparkling. Intimate and sweet was their life-long communion; much in the quiet seclusion of the study, occupied with great themes, and much among the sublimity of the mountains, feeling the grand inspiration of Nature; for both were loving worshippers at her shrine. Then their views of Christ and Christianity were similar. Both accepted, in like form, the centralisms of the paternity of God and the brotherhood of man; both thought alike of the dignity of human nature; both reached like conclusions as to discipline and the great restoration; both had a faith in immortality that rose to the sublime; and both, too, were the subjects of dogmatic criticism from good and true men of their own denomination, whose minds were not given to

philosophy, who measured fidelity to principle by devotion to sect, and stood like Cerberus at its gates, to warn off intrusion, or to keep up interior discipline. The sympathy between the two friends was noble. Nothing could exceed the admiration which Dr. Ballou habitually expressed for the intellectual gifts of his young friend; and no one ever heard from the lips of Thomas Starr King aught but love and gratitude for his theological father. The correspondence between them was rich in the play of fancy, and depth of thought.

Starr, under the counsel of Dr. Ballou, now entered upon a systematic course of study, with a view to the ministry. He made a grateful reference to his long communion with Dr. Ballou, in a speech at a festival, a year or two before he went to California. Rev. A. D. Mayo said, on this occasion, "that all the theological education he enjoyed was three months' study in the library of Dr. Ballou, and that such an association with him was enough." Mr. King, who followed Mr. Mayo, said, "I have been more fortunate. More than three months,

more than three years, more than three times three years, almost ten times three years, I have been receiving influence from that noble man; for I can hardly remember when in childhood I did not look up to that forehead and those blue eyes as the expression of a noble Christian integrity, wisdom, and purity."

Starr was also receiving influence from another teacher. He went regularly into Boston to attend Professor Walker's lectures, which were listened to by him with absorbing interest. He took notes of them; and though he did not use the short-hand method, yet such was his power of memory, that he wrote out in full certainly the twelve lectures of the third course, for his own use, which, three years later, were printed in the "Boston Daily Star." But he did far more for himself than this. He made the theme of the philosophy of religion his study; he reasoned on the great problems connected with it; he examined the authors to whom reference had been made in these lectures; and he attributed to the direction thus given to his mind much fixedness of opinion

which he attained on vital points of theology. Probably this discipline saved him from that experience of doubt which many gifted minds pass through.

Professor Tweed gives an interesting relation of this season of preparation: "The attendance of Mr. King on these lectures was an era in his life. I well remember attending the doctor's first lecture with him, and his return to my house after the lecture. Upon some inquiry about it, he began, stated the subject, and the whole plan in the order of its development; using so many of the very expressions of the lecturer, that I listened with wonder. It seemed like a repetition of the lecture. Very soon he commenced writing out each lecture, with such fulness and accuracy that it seemed like a verbal report. The authors referred to and quoted were noted, and their works obtained and read; so that the lectures, with the reading to which they gave rise, were to him, in that department of theology, a whole body of divinity. Some ten or twelve years after he commenced preaching, he told me he had never

been able to write a sermon on a subject treated by Dr. Walker. He had tried several times; but, to use his own words, 'so exhaustive was the doctor's treatment, that he soon found himself transcribing one of his old reports.'"

His correspondence, at this period, shows that his theological views were assuming the shape, as to essentials or groundwork, which they retained through life. He aimed at fellowship with all that he regarded as Christianity. He was a Unitarian in the distinctive tenet that marks this denomination; he was a Universalist in the doctrine of the final restoration, which gives this sect its name: but he elevated, as the standard above the sect or creed, the Christian spirit and the Christian life; and held that to be a true apostolic church which would receive, through whatever creed or doorway, the sincere worshipper in spirit and in truth. He tried parties in the theological world by this standard. "My great ambition in life is," he wrote at thirty-five, "to serve the cause of Christianity as represented by the noblest souls of all the liberal Christian parties."

His theological tendency is seen in a letter addressed to his aunt (March 11, 1843), when on a visit to Portsmouth: "We have a fine Unitarian preacher there [Medford], Rev. C. Stetson, with whom I am intimately acquainted. He is a man of solid acquirements, weighing some three hundred pounds. I have attended his church pretty often since my removal, which has occasioned mother some worriment, which you may suppose is no way lessened, when I tell her, at least twice a week, that I intend taking a class in his Sabbath school, and studying for the Unitarian ministry. What should you say, should I inform you such is my intention? Really, I believe the Unitarian party, as a whole, understand themselves better, and are doing a nobler work, than the Universalists. I am sick of the miserable dogmatism which measures the greatness and worth of every man and sect by the openness and clearness with which they have avowed the final restoration. Witness Whittemore on Channing. Of course, you will not construe these remarks to imply any diminution of faith on my part in the distinctive

tenets of Universalists. I simply believe that the Unitarians, as a body, are doing more for Liberal Christianity, with all their vagueness upon that point, than the Universalists, with all their dogmatism. This belief I have felt for some time, and it has not been lessened by an attendance upon Dr. Walker's lectures this winter. I will not say more at this time, as you and I will probably have a discussion upon this point, ere long, unless you are of the same opinion. By the way, I want you to see my reports of the above lectures. The course this winter has been rich; their subject, the harmony of the great doctrines of revelation — God, Providence, and immortality — with the teachings of Nature." In another letter, in April, he says, "I have recently commenced the study of the German, which you know is an indispensable accomplishment for a Unitarian clergyman."

Starr was not fascinated with the views of Theodore Parker's "Discourse on Religion," which was now making a noise in the theological world; for, on its appearance, he subjected

it to an analysis and criticism sufficient to establish, satisfactorily for himself, its basis to be fallacy, and its superstructure to be inconsistent and illogical. Indeed, he never looked on the views known as "Parkerism" as profound, and predicted they would be transient.

At this period, Mr. Parker, while on a visit to Medford, met Starr, and (April 13, 1843) wrote in his diary: "Saw schoolmaster Thomas Starr King, — capital fellow, only nineteen. Taught school three years. Supports his mother. He went into Walker's three courses of lectures, and took good notes. Reads French, Spanish, Latin, Italian, a little Greek, and begins German. He is a good listener." This shows the impression which this loving and heroic nature made on the learned, in personal intercourse, as he listened, sifted, and appropriated what he judged was good. Starr, this month, went to hear Mr. Parker preach, and gives a touch of himself, in a letter, dated April 25, 1843, about the sermon: —

"On Sunday last, Rev. Theodore Parker

preached in this place. I heard only the afternoon sermon. It was a queer performance; his text, 'The fear of the Lord maketh a merry heart.' The discourse was intended to show the difference between religious principle and religious sentiment. Persons whose religion belongs to the first category he describes as following the ordinances of religion merely to satisfy conscience, because conscience commands. Their motto is, The least possible righteousness and the greatest possible reward. The first time, by the way, I ever heard persons condemned from the pulpit for possessing religious principle. Persons of the second class, of religious sentiment, are those who follow religion for the love of it, because their nature demands it: it is the accomplishment of their destiny. Persons of this stamp carry their religion in their face, always smiling, always cheerful, merry-hearted; and, as I belong to this last-mentioned class of existences, I am well content to reverse the argument, and reason that the existence of these signs in the phiz is a sufficient indication of the existence of religious sentiment in the heart."

His salary hardly met his wants; and this year he applied for a better situation, which offered itself in Roxbury. One of its School Board visited Medford, and expressed himself much pleased with Starr's school. The result was unsuccessful. The "youth alone" prevented the appointment. In a long letter addressed to his aunt at New York, Starr refers to this matter, and, after a jocular strain about his New-York relatives, remarks thus on himself: —

"To my sage aunt I present my regards, the compliments of the season, and assurances of my most distinguished consideration. She may clothe the ideas in the most poetic terms the dictionary may afford. Let her be reminded, by the way, that I have engaged a suit of rooms at the Astor House. I hope your mother will keep in mind her degenerate descendant. I have a great respect for my ancestors; and, no doubt, I shall be stimulated by a generous respect for them to those efforts which in future days will reflect glory upon the family. Biographers of the next age will doubtless look back

to the progenitors of T. S. K. for influences to account for the existence of such a genius, and his influence on the age. You had better render their work as light as possible by leaving some slight sketch of the family."

A short time after this, Charlestown friends recommended him to Col. Seth J. Thomas, who had just been appointed naval store-keeper, for one of the desks in the office at the Navy Yard; and, not without misgivings, Starr fell in with the proposal. On calling on Col. Thomas, who had not seen him before, Starr expressed diffidence as to his ability to perform the duties; but he was assured in the kindest way that he would succeed, when he accepted. The compensation of the new position promised to double his means of support, and to enable him to add to his choice collection of books, — the ever-welcome and never-complaining companions which he was lovingly gathering in. On sending in his resignation to the Medford School Committee (Aug. 1, 1843), they had a special examination of his school; and, their records say, "it gave evidence of the fidelity

and energy for which he is so much distinguished." Thus honorably closed a service as teacher in the common schools, which he was next officially to enter as a member of the Boston Committee, with the speciality of supervising the large school in which his former teacher (Mr. Bates) was and still is the principal. "Now, sir," Mr. King said to Mr. Bates, "I have a chance to pay you off."

Soon after this appointment, the family of Starr removed to Charlestown, where there was for him a deep interest and large love, which continued through his life. He lived several years in a house on Main Street, near Oak Street, and opposite the residence of the writer of this tribute, in whose home he was very intimate during his residence in Charlestown. He was uncommonly buoyant and happy in an occupation, which, though not in accordance with his tastes, yet, beside placing him in comfortable pecuniary circumstances, afforded him leisure hours. He ever recognized a field of honor in the practice of the duties of common life; and as he had aimed to do business well

and to keep school well, so he tried to be a good accountant. He wrote a neat, round, clear hand. He made a fine record. His reports to the department of Bureau and Construction were well done. He was quick at figures. His routine of duty was discharged with rare intelligence. The men of business having dealings with the office liked him, and he was a favorite with the officers of the yard. Some of his friends feared that the attractions of a government office, or the excitement and prizes of politics, might wear upon his resolution as to the ministry; but there was not the least danger of it: and it may be said with confidence, that this or other fields of labor had no attractions for him. While no such idea ever took possession of him as that he was born to be a prophet, or the founder of a new sect, or the spreader of a new dogma, yet he ever looked forward to the time when he should be a minister of the gospel; and none ever regarded with greater disfavor than he did an unpreparedness of heart and mind for this work.

Professor Tweed continued the Principal of the Bunker-Hill School, and was one of Starr's intimate associates. He remarks of Starr at this time: "It has been said that at this period, while teaching and in the Navy Yard, he pursued an extensive course of study. This is true; but if he had been spoken of at that time, among his intimate friends, as a hard student, it would have raised a smile. They would have said, one who devotes so much time to society cannot be called a very close student. But the quickness of his apprehension, the retentiveness of his memory, and the celerity with which all knowledge was arranged and digested, enabled him to accomplish the work of years for ordinary minds in as many weeks."

FAITH AND PHILSOPHY IN YOUTH.

"THERE are men who solemnly consecrate themselves to the highest service; who bind their will to the law of right in a vow of marriage whose sanctity is ever felt; who, according to their original temperament, make either the idea of justice, or the revealed will of Heaven, or the conception of God as the Sovereign or the Father, the background of their consciousness: so that, when the foreground is taken up by the world, and in all seasons when unorganized spirits might be in the peril of doing wrong, there is a sacred motive ready to start into prominence, if the interests of holiness are likely to be betrayed." These words of Thomas Starr King outline his

own inner nature, his consecration, his preparation, his faith, and his philosophy.

At nineteen, while earning his living by a faithful performance of duty, he continued to employ profitably his leisure hours; trimming the midnight lamp for study, and aiming to be exact and thorough in his acquisitions. In the belief that it required training and discipline and severe reflection to reach the highest walks of theology, as it required them to reach the highest walks in any intellectual pursuit, he inured himself to habits of patient and untiring thought. He gave much attention now to the philosophy of history, as treated in the works of Guizot and the lectures of Frederick Schlegel. Still, he ever recurred to metaphsyics, and was accustomed to commend their study to others. "Well do I remember," Rev. A. D. Mayo remarked in a dinner-speech in Faneuil Hall, "that the first day of our youthful acquaintance he read me into a fit of indigestion and a sleepless night, with his Plato and Kant and Cousin; a night whose watchful hours I improved by maturing the resolution, that, on

my return to my country home, I would begin those philosophical studies in which he is second to no man of his age in our country." In the speech which Mr. King made on this occasion, he remarked, "Let me say here, that, however much interested I may have felt in philosophy generally, there is *one* system, verbally represented by one of the names just pronounced, which has done so much harm in the religious world, that I try to get rid of it, and earnestly desire to see all pulpits and meetings utterly free from its poison, — the system of *cant*."

His letters at this period are mostly in a cheerful vein, full of sportive allusions to personal matters and things of the hour, with now and then an off-hand touch of metaphysics. A long and playful letter of this sort (Aug. 22, 1844), addressed to his friend Mr. Randolph Ryer, of New York, begins: "I joyfully descend from the awful height of the sublime abstractions upon which for the past few weeks I have been so calmly seated, to converse with thee; to mourn the sad fate which binds thee to the sensual; and to offer

a few thoughts in relation to things temporal and spiritual." "It seems like an age since I was in your city. Scarcely any thing more than outline remains of the rich and varied experiences of those glorious three weeks. The events look dim and shadowy; but the actors, Randolph, still stand out in their natural brilliancy. Memory is a glorious fact in our spiritual constitution. Without it, the past would be nothing, and the future valueless. Time would be compressed into a present, indefinite, indivisible point; History fade out of the circle of intellectual pursuits; Reason concern itself merely with the intuitions of the instant; the sublime Inductions, founded on facts of past experience, would be withdrawn from the galaxy of the sciences; and Beauty, which depends on combined expressions, die out of the heart of humanity. Considerations like these, my friend, as well as the present recollections of New York, certainly afford a legitimate proof for the value and importance of memory. Perhaps you may think, so far as I am concerned, a science of forgetfulness would be of

greater importance. It might, if the very recollection of errors was not the condition of remorse and the possibility of reformation." Then the letter runs on, in a mixture of persons and metaphysics; and at the close has the words, "Now for a return to the study of the middle ages;" in which he was guided mainly by Guizot.

Three months later (Sept. 24, 1844), he writes, —

"The current of my temporal earthly existence flows gently and calmly. The inner man also is serene; resting trustfully, as usual, in the arms of a glorious faith and a noble philosophy. Have you ever reflected on the intimate connection between revelation and philosophy, faith and reason? By many they are put in contrast, set in opposition. Yet they mutually explain and reciprocally aid each other. Faith in man implies the doctrine of the dignity of human nature. The doctrines of revelation must conform to the exhibitions which God has given us of his power, wisdom, glory, and goodness, through nature and the soul. Reason, instead

of being subordinated to faith, is the very essence of faith, else faith is a blind idolatry. The true faith is the self-renunciation of reason where reason finds that it can know no farther. Faith is, therefore, reason; but reason under another form. You, Randolph, take your faith directly from Christianity, and apply it directly to the condition of society. You desire the social manifestation of Christianity as the means of raising the individual. I also find that philosophy, as it is drawn from the crystallized instruction of nature, and from the mysterious depths of spiritual life, is confirmed and sanctified by Christianity. I look rather to the elevation of the individual as one great mean of improving society. Both tendencies are necessary, my friend. Neither should exclude the other. Eclecticism is the motto on the banner of the nineteenth century."

He was now having, to use his own words, glorious times in attending a philosophical class which met every Wednesday evening, and was reading Stewart on the philosophy of the mind. "Our *modus operandi*," he says, "is this: We

read some chapters *ad interim*, and at the meetings discuss the different points, and mutually expound." He remarks that he had read much in this department lately, and that it was as attractive as ever. He sought rare books on this subject; and was amused with the remark with which a Boston scholar loaned him Cousin's "Plato," indicating grave doubts as to an ability in one so young to understand it. When Dr. Ott's work came out, he met something that puzzled him; invited Harvard students to read it with him: and rich were the hours they had over this work. "I am at present," he wrote, "engaged in the study of a work on the latest school of German philosophy. It is by Dr. Ott, of Paris; and is an exposition of the system of Hegel. Kant's system is pretty difficult; but this ties the brain up in knots."

He now paid special attention to the German language, and took lessons in it of the celebrated Dr. Kraitser. On Sundays, he would leave his own communion to listen in Boston to sermons in this language; and far into the night he would talk of Goethe and Schiller, and the

German divines of the school of Tholuck and De Wette. He was passionately fond of Plato, and so closely studied the father of the progressive school, that he seemed to live with him. On returning one day from a season of communion with Dr. Ballou, his bright eye had an uncommon sparkle, and his countenance was aglow with joy, because of the favorable judgment which this ripe scholar passed on an essay which he had prepared on knotty points of the Platonic works, and had left for examination. This was not flattery in one of the truest and sincerest of men; it was not vanity in a devoted explorer in the realms of truth; it was recognition, by one having authority, of an intellectual triumph, and joy in the young enthusiast at another mark of progress up heights which he felt it necessary to attain, though he might have the crowning qualification of the Christian gifts, ere he could be a worthy minister of the gospel.

Not the least of his discipline and ripening for his mission was his manly wrestle with poverty and difficulty and grief. He experienced

suffering in most of the forms that rive the human heart. He had felt a great sorrow. The struggle at times had been severe; but his high aim, his store of inward resources, the simple truth, enabled him to bear up and to press on. At times, even when the prospect was a clear sea and a halcyon sky, when he was so happy and mirthful as to be like sunlight in society, he would retire to hours when memories of his past of grief would take possession of him. "Many meet the gods, but few salute them." He was one of the few. His religiously tuned ear ever heard the divine voice. He heard it in the ministry of sorrow as well as of joy, and he saluted his trials as blessings.

He was in one of these moods one evening after a return from New York, and after he had continual company, when he wrote (Aug. 10, 1845) a long letter to his friend Randolph Ryer, of New York. "Hurry of business," he says, "and restlessness of spirit, are mortal foes to the sweet intercourse of friendship. The soul must float in a serener atmosphere, must be subject to more soothing influences, must dis-

engage itself for a time from the limitations of space and circumstance, and feel itself at home in the free work of spiritual existence, before it can hope to indulge in that luxury of calm meditation, and arrive at that perfect 'synthesis' of feeling, which is the first condition of epistolary success. To-night, for the first time since I left New York, I am alone. I am grateful for the soothing silence of the dying day. An unnatural excitement, which has been stimulated by continual company, is thrown off; and, if its departure brings again the memory of troubles, it also suggests anew pleasant recollections of distant friends."

His strain was introspective. He dwelt much on his own past, and especially on his past of trouble and sorrow. "The reality of loss," he says, "often oppresses me; exaggerated perhaps by the imagination, which always imparts an ideal hue to the experience of the past as well as the expectations of the future." Still, his earnest words were, "I reverence the great law of compensation, even when it reveals itself to me in the distresses of the inner man." He says that

he never felt so deeply his attachment to his friends; and he relates having a rich conversation with one of them, his pastor, on his return trip from New York.

"Mr. Chapin and myself enjoyed a very interesting, and I believe profitable, conversation in the boat, upon literature and religion. I love him for his manly and free thought, his enlarged Christian charity, capable of seeing the excellences of his opponents, and the defects of his own sect; and, above all, for that practical appreciation of the realities of religion and the spiritual world. Seldom have I met a man who with a heartier communion sympathized with a great doctrine which every day becomes more important and more real and more dear to me, — the doctrine of a universal Providence. I am indebted for the first conception of its grandeur and sublimity, as I am indebted for so many other of the better tendencies of my mind, to the noble lectures of Dr. Walker; and never shall I forget the emotions which the first indistinct but positive conception of its truth awakened in me. I look upon it now as

one of the greatest doctrines of Christianity; and of vast importance in clearing up, when rightly understood, many of the difficulties which are now pricking the sides of the Christian Church. Away with that inconsistent philosophy which believes in the spirituality and omnipresence of God, and cannot see that the action of every physical force is an immediate expression of his present will; that every law of nature is only the uniform and consistent developement of his steady designs! Away with that practical atheism which professes faith in a universal Father, and does not recognize in every moral fact an exhibition of his discipline and his presence!"

This gives an idea of his words in communion with friends, to whom, as he dwelt on his struggles and his hopes, he unconsciously sounded the depths of his nature. But to words are to be added the tone of voice, the gesture, the lights and shades of the face, as his talk flowed on. There could be no mistaking this combination. It revealed a real, stalwart character. It showed how this noble youth

sought, like Enoch of old, to walk with God; and how faith in the sublime doctrine of Providence, reverenced in its revelations in the inner man by sorrow as well as by the outward world of beauty and glory, gave peace to his soul when it was in trouble, and wings to his spirit when it soared.

His circle of friends was now widening. He did not seek to dwell apart, or waste himself on musings on his inward life, or practise oddities, or affect ways of greatness: but he was a true man of the world; appreciating the bright side of life, and enjoying it. He was passionately fond of music and painting and sculpture; and he loved the drama. He saw in art a development of the spirit of the beautiful in man, as he saw a revelation of God in the glory of nature. He was interested in what was going on around him; sought to know what was best for his country; and was as enthusiastic, on seeing the right side in politics prevail, as he was when glorious rollers tumbled at his feet on the ocean shore at Rockport, or when he revelled in the unsurpassed glories of the Yo-Semite region.

It is a temptation to linger on the simple Starr King as he was before the public eye turned toward him, and as he stood on the threshold of responsibility. His former business-companions are warm in their eulogy of him. "I never saw," one of them says, "so noble a young man." His genial, generous, magnetic nature, his cordiality, his lovable qualities, drew hearts toward him wherever he went; for the natural gentleman was ever behind the brilliant conversational powers that made him the delight of society. He was a close observer as he was a sincere respecter of common life; a keen judge of men and things; and a good admirer as well as good listener. He would seize on incidents having touches of humor and witty sayings, and hold them in his memory; and with the faculty of making a picture in a graphic sentence, and a rare imparting gift, he would relate them with a raciness and vivacity and a right merry ringing laugh that were contagious; and if they bore hard on himself, then the greater glee. He did so much of this, and so well, that casual observers might

have supposed that he cultivated story-telling and repartee as an art. But it was natural for him to do this as it was for him to breathe. Yet confidential correspondence proves that his craving was for ministry to his spiritual wants. The quiet serenity of nature, the solemn stillness of the forest, the impressive silence of the mountain summit, the reflective beauty of the moon-lit lake, would, by the law of association, work in him convictions of the highest truths which the soul reaches, — the existence of God, the beauty of the Christian faith, the dignity of human nature, the meaning of immortality.* His communion was in-

* I have used Starr's own words in stating what the ministry of nature was to his spirit. They occur in his elaborate review of "Festus;" a poem by Philip James Bailey. This article, printed before he was twenty-one, contains much to show how the influence of his daily experience moulded and directed his genius. The words on the ministry of nature occur in the following connection: —

"Mr. Bailey's love of beauty is a continual, unsatisfied, ever-burning thirst. Like every true poet, he has an intimate sympathy with the outward universe in all its forms. He is the child of Nature, and to her 'he turns heart, arm, and brain.' We subscribe to one element, at least, of his religious creed: —

> 'Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty,
> And by that love they are redeemable;
> For in love and beauty they acknowledge good.'

timate with the pioneers of progress, on whom the Almighty poured largely of the Spirit; and, above all, with Him who spake as never man spake; who was Eternal Wisdom; to whom he bowed, and whom he adored. And this reaching-out for truth celestial made not merely the strength but the basis of his character, and carried him nearer to his goal.

His inward craving may be seen in the pleasure which he enjoyed in a class of friends, who, like himself, were aiming at spiritual growth. Among them were ingenuous young men of Harvard College, who heard of Starr King, and desired to make his acquaintance.

And, again, who has not felt the truth of this inquiry? —

> 'How can the beauty of material things
> So win the heart, and work upon the mind,
> Unless like-natured with them? *Are great* things
> And thoughts of the same blood? They have like effect.'

"There is deep meaning in the earnest question of these last two lines. Never, at least, have we so felt a conviction of the highest truths that address themselves to the inmost soul, the existence of God, the beauty of Christian faith, the dignity of human nature, the truth and meaning of immortality, as when, by some inexplicable association, they have been suggested by the quiet serenity of nature, the solemn stillness of the forest, the impressive silence of the mountain summit, the reflective beauty of the moon-lit lake."

With some of them, now ranking high in their callings, he would compare notes of progress. There was none nearer to him than John M. Edgarton, — a pure and noble soul, of great solidity of character, deeply religious, but uncommonly undemonstrative and taciturn. Both had like philosophical tastes, both aimed for the clerical office, and both were of singular promise. Starr used to greet him, "How are you, Kingdom of Silence?" His death, a little later, was a sore bereavement, a great sorrow, quickening and deepening the fountains of sympathy. On receiving the intelligence, he wrote, "My dear friend and associate, John M. Edgarton, is dead. It was very sudden; came on me like a thunderbolt: indeed, I knew not how to bear it. John was one of the noblest men I ever knew, and was decidedly the ablest man in our order. He is an irreparable loss. What need we have of faith, of constant spiritual insight, that these melancholy shows of things do not overwhelm us! John is departed, but not lost to us." Sarah C. Edgarton, his sister, was a like spirit; and, on her depart-

ure, Starr spoke of her in a sermon as "the gifted and the good, whose genius was attuned with every force and harmony of nature; whose friendship was one of the choicest pleasures of existence." She was at Shirley Village when her brother died, and, five days after this event, addressed to Starr a letter full of the divine in faith and consolation. "On this beautiful sabbath morning," the letter begins, "holy and serene, when all nature is composed, and all heaven is at peace, shall I not make the hours of my solitude and weakness a season of grateful trust in God, and of consolation and cheer to myself and you? Would that you were here, dear Starr! the peace and courage that is in my own soul could not fail to impart itself to you. Doubtless you will have this peace soon, when this sorrow is less new to you, and your own high views have had time to subdue the anguish of bereaved affection. John had no dearer friend than yourself." Sarah soon joined her brother in heaven, and the three are now gathered in one fold. But, as Starr approached manhood, he was bathing himself

in this sweet spiritual influence, counting it one of the choicest pleasures of existence. The wider circle of older friends continued complete for more than a decade; and, when it was broken, the cry of the bruised in spirit gives an idea of the strength of the silver cord.

Thus the deceitful paths, always wide open, and which at this period of life lure so many, had no temptation for Thomas Starr King. He chose wisdom's ways, and they yielded him their rich reward; and, as he enjoyed the communion of souls rich in learning and piety, he walked among them, charmingly unconscious that he possessed a Minerva of intellect panoplied in shining armor,* but feeling the most an inward want, a need of the grace of culture, and without a trace of conceit. The childhood traits, now developed into principles of action, remained childlike in the jewels of simplicity and purity: the same, the reverence for the divine; the same, the enthusiasm for learning; the same, the filial piety; and the same, the noble purpose, as they were seven years before,

* Dr. Chapin.

but all blossoming in rich and rare maturity. For, imbued with these normal influences that minister to the pure in heart, the days of his youth, when he remembered his Creator, glided on as free from the things which tempt and stain, and as abounding in the things that elevate and adorn, as often falls to the lot of humanity. His great, broad heart was flowing forth in love and good works. His splendid genius was enriched by culture, and consecrated for service. His faith was unclouded by doubt, and his philosophy was fortified by experience. His life even now stood —

"Rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man."

THE

BEGINNING OF HIS MINISTRY.

STARR at twenty, on the beginning of his ministry, had been educated, Rev. A. D. Mayo says, "by hard work; by experiences, that, to a nature less joyous than his, would have been stern and sad; by the school-room, the navy-yard and its motley population, the concert, and the drama; by rare hours with the best men and women, and solitary nights of study as intense and protracted as the mind could endure; by Nature, which always ministered so largely to his spirit; by a communion with God and a love for man as deep and child-like as is often given to any soul to enjoy." He freely used the four ancient and modern languages, that, with the English, contain, in

original or translated forms, the entire wisdom of the world; he had read widely in German and English theology; he was familiar with the systems of philosophy that have formed epochs in the progress of man, and was well versed in history and general literature.* He had not neglected a matter of great importance, which public speakers too often disregard, or but carelessly attend to, — a good delivery. He had

* Rev. A. D. Mayo, who was one of Starr's early and intimate friends, makes this enumeration in his sermon, delivered March 13, 1864, at Cincinnati. He married Sarah C. Edgarton, and in 1849 published selections from her writings, with a memoir. I have quoted Mr. King's tribute to this gifted spirit. This memoir has the following sonnet: —

MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

BY MRS. H. J. W. LEWIS.

"I do not weep for thee; I have not wept." — S. C. E. MAYO.

Sister, friend, poetess, a long farewell!
There needs not many words to paint my grief:
Wife, mother, Nature's priestess! who can tell
The sum of all thy joys in life so brief?
The beauty of thy daily walk *they* know
Who dwelt within the circle of thy love, —
Thy calm, pure faith; thy truth like spotless snow;
Thy spirit strong, yet gentle as the dove.
And shall we hear no more the strain sublime,
Or soft or touching, thou hast breathed so well?
Can we resign thee in thy life's sweet prime,
And, lost to earth, give thee with God to dwell?
I have wept burning tears, and still must weep,
That one so great and good should fall asleep.

studied the philosophy of the voice, trained his vocal organs under competent teachers, and acquired the art of concealing art in speaking in the tone by which Nature expresses sentiment and feeling. At this time, in his own opinion, he was far from being prepared for the Christian ministry: but Dr. Ballou thought he was well fitted for it; and Mr. Mayo says he was qualified for it as few men have been at any age.

Starr appeared before the public (1845) in the unenviable character of a Fourth-of-July orator, on an invitation from Medford to take part in a citizens' celebration of Independence, and spoke in the Unitarian Church. Dr. Ballou was present; and if, at the beginning of the oration, observers noticed in his countenance the lines and shades betokening anxiety as to the impression which his young friend was about to make in his first public effort, they also noticed that they disappeared as his glancing eye saw the delight imparted to the audience by crystal clearness of statement, by a quiet self-possession of manner removed alike from an unmanly

diffidence and an offensive assurance, and by a brilliant and eloquent utterance. His face was kept lighted up with a halo of joy. Such a listener was an inspiration to the orator; who said, "When the doctor's face was all aglow with satisfaction, I knew it was all right." The oration was a success, and the author received the warmest congratulations. This production was not printed.*

Starr contributed to the July number of the "Universalist Quarterly Review," then edited by Dr. Ballou, an article entitled "Philosophy and Theology;" and to the October number an elaborate review of "Festus," a poem by Philip James Bailey. These papers are characterized by the simple style, poetic fervor, keen analysis, richness of illustration, strength and individualism, that mark his productions; and form an interesting record of his attainments in metaphysics and literature. As the last article was going through the press, he delivered his first sermon at Woburn, Mass.; and he preferred

* A letter by Professor Tweed on this oration will be found in the Appendix.

that his most intimate friends should not be present. He soon after preached in Malden, where several members of the Charlestown Universalist Society went to hear him; and he also supplied Dr. Ballou's desk. His services were received with uncommon favor. The invitations extended to him to supply pulpits were numerous, — perhaps more than he cared to answer; for he looked on study to be for a long time his duty, although he felt it also to be a duty to answer calls for service.

Among the pulpits which he occupied was that of a small Universalist society in Boston, which had been recently formed, occupying the chapel in Chardon Street, having Dr. Adam for their minister; and he engaged, under peculiar circumstances, statedly to supply their desk. His connection with this society is related in a letter, May 5, 1846, after he had preached here several weeks: —

"Their pastor, Dr. Adam, is now absent to improve his health at the West; and in accordance with his urgent solicitation, and a very cordial, not to say flattering, request from the

society, I have promised to supply for them till his return. This will not be for some months yet. They are very fine people, and certainly as intelligent a congregation as can be found in our order. Do not, my dear friend, feel concerned lest I am too hastily assuming the pastoral robes. You cannot write more strongly than I feel upon the solemnity of that office, and the necessity of adequate preparation in assuming it. My present task is temporary merely, undertaken to aid a very worthy man, and to gratify a few strong friends in the above-mentioned congregation."

Dr. Chapin having accepted a call from the church in School Street, Boston, the Charlestown Society sought Mr. King for their minister. The letter (July 16, 1846) expressed gratification that he had chosen, as the work of his life, the vocation of the parent whose memory was so dear to them; and the hope that the son might follow the father, "so far as he followed Christ, in defending and adorning the cause of universal grace." The young preacher hesitated to assume the responsibilities of this position. A

second and larger representation of the feelings of the society was presented to him; and, on the 2d of August, he wrote an acceptance. In it he said that the state of his health, the urgent necessity for constant study, and the many duties springing from the pastoral relation, compelled him to throw himself on their liberality for an unusual freedom in pulpit exchanges during the early period of his ministry; and he promised to bring to a discharge of the heavy responsibilities which the office of a Christian pastor imposed and implied, only a sincere and devoted heart.*

* The following is Mr. King's letter of acceptance:—

CHARLESTOWN, Aug. 2, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—Your letter, communicating the action of the First Universalist Society of this place on the 15th ult., extending to me an invitation to become their pastor, has been received, together with a statement of the proceedings of the society at an adjourned meeting, held July 26, when the action of the committee was "approved and confirmed." You may well believe, that in communicating through you my acceptance of a call so flattering, from the character and standing of the society, still more so from the unanimity of feeling by which it was dictated, I am not insensible to the heavy responsibilities which the office of a Christian pastor imposes and implies. There are many associations, of a personal as well as of a religious nature, which are calculated to make the welfare of your

The usual ordination service was conducted mainly by his personal friends. The delivery of the Scriptures and the charge were by Dr. Ballou, and the ceremony was impressive. The sermon was by Dr. Chapin, from the text, "Whosoever will be the greatest among you, let him be your minister;" and he made his

society a matter of deep and earnest interest to me. I shall come to you a young man, without pastoral experience, embarrassed, perhaps, somewhat by many relations of a social and friendly character to the majority of my brethren, and able to bring only a sincere and devoted heart to aid in sustaining the reputation of a pulpit that has witnessed the labor of him whose memory cannot be indifferent to me, and of a predecessor whose abilities and eloquence I can never hope to reach. Next to that support that does not come from human help, I must rely upon your indulgence and sympathy to sustain me, and especially on that cordial co-operation with my labors, without which no talents can be of any avail. The present state of my health, the urgent necessity for constant study, the time that must necessarily be devoted to a general and intimate acquaintance with the members of the society, and the many duties that spring from a pastoral relation so extensive, will compel me to throw myself upon your liberality for an unusual freedom in pulpit exchanges during the early period of my ministry. Trusting that this may be granted, and earnestly praying that the blessing of Heaven may rest upon the union we have formed,

I remain your sincere friend and brother,

THOMAS STARR KING.

RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, Jun., Esq.,
Chairman of Standing Committee of the First Universalist Society.

theme, "The ministry a work of self-consecration." The fellowship of the churches was given by Rev. Cyrus M. Fay. The address to the society was by that noble man, Sebastian Streeter, who touchingly portrayed the beauty of the spectacle presented in the consecration of this youth to the service of the Redeemer. Sarah C. Edgarton contributed the following hymn:—

"O Thou whom heaven and earth adore,
The only good, the undefiled!
Thy consecrating Spirit pour
Through all the being of thy child.

Whate'er thy hand hath set apart
For him on earth to do or bear,
With holy faith inspire his heart,
And make him thy perpetual care.

Here, where his father stood and taught,
The mantle falls upon his youth:
Oh, make his mighty tide of thought
A sea to bear abroad thy truth!

His words of power shall lift to thee
The fainting soul, the sensual mind:
Like stars in heaven their light shall be,
To guide the lost, and lead the blind.

Through all his varied trials, God,
Do thou his guide and guardian be;
And, leaning on thy living Word,
Sustain him home to heaven and thee!"

The speakers made tender references to the father. "I felt," Dr. Chapin says, "a sacred fitness in transmitting the office of that father to the hands of that son." The burning words of the preacher, and indeed the whole occasion, were calculated to deepen the consecration of soul which crowns with lustre this noble life.

The young pastor brought to his labors a rare combination of gifts. His own experience had been valuable, because his pulses had beat healthfully and naturally. He had mingled much with the world. He had not threaded its dark paths; he never had an eye for the sad side of life: still he had had free contact with men and things; and his sunny nature drew inspiration from the genial, the good, the true, and the Christian-like in common life. He looked closely into himself, reflected on the workings of his own mind, and communed freely on spiritual things with those in whom he felt confidence. Rich as was his intellect, richer yet was his love and his faith.

He tried now in the vocation of his life to do his best. As he stood for two years where his

father stood, mature and profound utterances, golden words, the fruit of long study and of the lessons of practical life, dropped from the sacred desk. His style was not in the passion which marks the great orator. He did not aim to melt the heart, and, by subduing it, to reach the intellect. This is the characteristic of preachers like Whitefield, who, when the voice that charms and leads captive dies away, too often leave nothing adequate to justify the effects they produce. Mr. King's sermons were original in conception, and clear in arrangement, full of simple reasoning, analyzing and presenting different sides of a subject, and working out the laws of spiritual life. His evening lectures, especially, were characterized by masterly generalization and felicitous grouping. This may be said particularly of a series of discourses on Old-Testament characters, — Abraham, Moses, David, Samson, and others. They were after the manner of a teacher having authority, but without dogmatism. His treatment of a subject was so marked by unity, as to indicate that the whole

sweep of it was in the mind before a line was written. It is by his sermons, perhaps, he will be judged intellectually. His lectures, and other occasional efforts, with the exception of "Goethe" and some of his orations, however great the fame they achieved for him, or the results they produced, were but the work of the hour. His pulpit-utterances were the flowerings of a life of spiritual unity; and in his happy moods, when the spell of his religious genius was on him, sentiment flowed from him as naturally and as unconsciously as the waters glide.

His delivery was rather earnest than passionate. He had a deep, strange, rich voice, which he knew how to use. His eyes were extraordinary in every sense of the word, with wonderful impressiveness. "There were persuasion," it has been said, "and argument, in his very look: his eyes were living sermons, 'known and read of all men.' That peculiar shake and nod of the head, when he was addressing his congregation, were the promptings of a deep-settled conviction of the unbounded importance

of the truth advocated by an earnest soul." Calm as was his manner, and closely as he confined himself to his notes, his delivery produced a marked impression. "In an experience," Mr. Mayo says, "of twenty years of professional life, in which I have heard almost every great American preacher, I have never been so affected as by those early discourses. I have never seen large and appreciative congregations so entranced by sermons as were those to which he spake."

There were occasions when his feelings were stirred, and he became emphatically the impassioned orator. An instance occurred in an extempore speech he made, as he was passing the day with his society in a grove in the country. He was in his best mood; and, being called upon for a word, he spoke of the sublime doctrine of universal Providence, and drew inspiration from the sky and the landscape, the trees and the flowers, the singing of the birds, and all the varied music of Nature. He poured forth strains of surpassing eloquence. He was requested to write out this speech; but he replied,

that it was not worth the trouble: besides, he could not remember it; saying, "I wish I could speak extempore." No persuasion that he had the orator's gift could induce him to speak from the desk without notes. Except on social occasions, or taking part in ordinations, perhaps he did not trust himself to do it, in a single instance, until the progress of his work in California.

He discharged the pastoral offices with unwonted grace and dignity. No one could better lighten up a season of joy. His presence in the social circle was ever like sunshine; and he would enter with boy-like glee into the spirit of a happy occasion. A deep sympathy, springing from fountains of feeling born of his experience, rendered his ministrations in seasons of sorrow uncommonly solemn. He attended faithfully to a Bible class in the Sunday school; was present in the meetings of the benevolent association attached to his society; and aimed to promote the general prosperity of his charge. The pastoral connection appeared to be mutually happy and profitable.

On the invitation of the city authorities of Charlestown, Mr. King delivered, in 1847, an address on the Seventeenth of June. He used much of the thought of the Fourth-of-July oration which he delivered two years before. It was an analysis, acute and profound, of the principles involved in the American Revolution. He laid down, as the formula of this great movement, freedom as an idea; and not merely political freedom, but moral and spiritual, limited only by the law of right. This was the idea symbolized in the rattling musketry of Bunker Hill; and he went on in an exhaustive manner to urge that it was the mission of this nation to work out and work up this idea in the various relations of society. It was a noble utterance, and received the warmest commendation. A distinguished scholar (Dr. Osgood) has remarked on the contrast between the almost boyish appearance of the orator and the wisdom and depth with which he spoke: "We remember hearing his Bunker-hill oration on June 17, 1847, and being impressed with the profound and exhaustive analysis which

he then gave of the great principles which were involved in the American Revolution; a treatment of the subject which well became the pupil of the great idealist. The youthful and almost boyish appearance of the orator, which he retained in a good measure through life, and on which he expended many pleasantries, made the contrast of the wisdom and depth with which he spoke all the more noticeable. In the short seventeen years since then, he has laid the foundation and reared the superstructure of a famous reputation, a lofty patriotism, an untiring and whole-souled devotion to his church, and a usefulness which has filled the mouths of men from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He has left a pure and brilliant record; and few names of his day will go down to posterity carrying such a traditional renown for pulpit oratory and splendid lectures as Starr King."*

He now made his *début* as a lecturer. One of his earliest efforts in this line was a discourse on Goethe, "the many-sided." It was not a result of the cramming process. He had

* "Christian Inquirer," March 19, 1864.

studied the works of the great German for years; and, not unlikely, he talked the most of it before he wrote a line. Its delivery marks an event in his life. It drew attention to him outside of his parish. As he entered the lecture-room, strangers were surprised at his boy-face, and doubtful of his intellectual capacity; but this vanished as a few sharply-put sentences unfolded his grasp of the theme. His lecture on Goethe received large commendation. When delivered before the Mercantile-Library Association of Boston, it elicited warm tributes from the press. It was said that the singular skill with which the lecturer portrayed the character of Goethe, the judgment passed on his failings, the picture of his genius, the power of analysis, the beauty of diction, the repose and yet fervor of the delivery, made a marked impression on the great audience, who listened with intense interest, and in silence broken only by applause. The lecturer met with much personal congratulation. It was delivered in Cambridge; and Dr. Walker, who heard him for the first time, said of it, that it was not merely remarkable

that so young a man should have given such a lecture, but that anybody should have done it. The critic may pronounce its views to be sound or faulty, but will hardly question its richness or originality.*

* "MERCANTILE-LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. — The lecture last evening was delivered by Rev. Thomas S. King, of Charlestown. His subject was 'Goethe,' the complex-minded German. Fully comprehending the genius of the poet, and amply informed with all the most important biographical incidents in the life of the man, Mr. King came before the great audience assembled to hear him, with the most satisfactory preparation. Goethe's literary history began with his boyhood, and extended through a long line of illustrious years; so that the subject chosen was no unimportant or uninterested theme for interpretation. Viewed in his outward, every-day life merely, this great man furnishes an example of supremacy rarely to be met with in the annals of letters. Mr. King began at the beginning (where, by the way, few lecturers think it worth their while generally to commence); and, during the whole of his admirable performance, received the undivided attention of his hearers. Our limited space does not permit the mention of even the heads of this eloquent discourse, while we should be glad to give a full report of the entire address. Thoroughly in earnest with his subject, arranging his topics in a clear and concise manner, handling disputed points of discussion in the best taste, the lecture may be considered as one of the most successful of this or any former course before the institution. As an orator, Mr. King already ranks among the most effective speakers; and we may confidently look to him for similar future efforts of rare excellence." — *Evening Transcript.*

"For upwards of an hour and a quarter, Mr. King held the unbroken attention of a very large audience. His subject was

The pastor had the satisfaction of seeing his labors prosper. Young men found his presentation of Christian truth to meet their wants; and, large as the society was, it was growing. So was his fame. Other societies of the Liberal communion sought his services. An earnest endeavor was made by Dr. Dewey's society in New York to have him enter the Cambridge

'Goethe.' The character of this remarkable writer was portrayed with singular skill. His failings were judged rather than condemned; while his genius was displayed in vivid but discriminating colors. Rare powers of analysis, a true spirit of criticism, copiousness and beauty of diction, in the lecturer, were joined with elevation of thought, with imagination and candor. Mr. King showed an easy power. There was nothing feverish, spasmodic, youthful. What he said was thoughtful, well-sustained, manly. His illustrations, drawn from other fields of literature, were apt. His imagery was abundant. In his delivery there was ease, distinctness, repose, and yet fervor. It was an uncommon spectacle to behold so vast an audience hanging upon the lips of one whose juvenile appearance revealed what has been called 'the atrocious crime of being a young man.' It is a source of happiness that one so young is so full, not only of promise, but performance. May the performance of to-day be but a promise of the future!" — *Boston Courier.*

"The address was clothed in beautiful and eloquent language, and adorned with the most appropriate imagery. It gave evidence that its author, though young in years, was ripe in judgment, and that he had made himself most intimately acquainted with the writings of the great German poet." — *Mercantile Journal.*

Divinity School, in view of becoming their pastor. The correspondence on this proposition is not at hand. A salary large for a poor man, a twelvemonth's season for uninterrupted study, and an enviable location, were inducements; but the offer was declined. The manliness of the young preacher in this matter was admirable. He received also a call from the Fourth Universalist Church in New York, which he laid before his society. He said (Dec. 21, 1847), "Many letters have been transmitted to me, portraying the advantages to our cause, and the cheering prospects of prosperity to the society that would ensue, if I should consent to accept the call. I cannot forbear to state, however, that my relations to the people with whom I am now connected are of the most pleasant nature, and that I am conscious of no desire to seek a change of situation. The only reason why I have allowed the matter to occupy the attention of the society, springs from my pecuniary circumstances, and the greater calls in prospect which I shall be compelled to meet. The thought of leaving my present connection

is certainly a most painful one; but, in the state of my affairs, I feel it to be a duty to take counsel, not of my preferences alone, but also of my necessities." He declined this call; and an addition was made to his salary.

He was favorably located, so far as his pursuits were concerned. He added largely to his list of personal friends; and, among others, he made the acquaintance of Rev. Henry W. Bellows of New York, and of Dr. Bartol of Boston. He could enjoy the communion with choice spirits which his nature required, and the repose of life conducive to academic labor and intellectual growth. His love of metaphysical inquiry had now settled into a permanent speciality. He had long felt the desire, and perhaps had laid out a plan, for a work on philosophy, from an American stand-point, which was certainly worthy of his genius and ambition. He was now one of a large ministerial circle who met at each other's houses. "Brother King," Rev. C. H. Leonard says, "did much for this circle of students. When others failed to be prepared, he was always

ready with some interesting discourse or essay, and was always prompt to meet the demand when his time came to read. Indeed, I once heard our revered Dr. Ballou say, 'Brother King was the life of the meetings.'" He continued a member of this circle for ten or twelve years, and until its meetings were given up.

Though successful in his parochial labors, he encountered remarks which were grating to his spirit. He labored in the place of his boyhood. His rich mirthful vein — cheerfulness which was "like a bird's carol on the bough" — caused him to be misunderstood. It was natural, that, sensitive as he was, he should feel, in a profession so peculiar, inward obstacles. Nor is it surprising that many should not have recognized the prophet in his own land. No university crowned him with its honors; the circle of fashion could hardly comprehend his transcendent merit; no great patrons sounded his fame; and it seemed to many not possible that Saul could step from the local counting-room, the grammar-school, or the navy-yard. Few really knew the inner

nature that nerved and moved his soul. The wonder is, that so many saw and bowed before his extraordinary gifts.

In the spring of 1848, the Committee of the Hollis-street Society endeavored to obtain Mr. King for their pastor; and he gave their proposals serious consideration. His frail frame reeled under the labors and the anxieties of his charge. "For some months past," he wrote to his society, June 17, "as some of you are aware, my health has been quite poor. It has been impossible for me to perform the duties of my office as they should be discharged; and, of late, serious apprehensions have disturbed me that I should be obliged to relinquish all labor for a long time." His nervous prostration was very serious. The liberality of a friend enabled him to make a voyage to Fayal, one of the western islands of the Atlantic; and the society cheerfully complied with the request for a leave of absence. On the 18th, he wrote to the Hollis-street Society a declination of their liberal and flattering call, and sailed the next day. This sea-trip proved beneficial to his health, and

renewed his strength. On his return, his spirit was buoyant, and he seemed in pristine vigor as he delivered a beautiful sermon on his ocean experience, in which he paid the tribute, already quoted,* to his friend, who had died during his absence, — Mrs. Sarah C. E. Mayo.

The Committee of the Hollis-street Society now renewed their invitation in a communication, enclosing a copy of votes which the proprietors of the house had passed, inviting him "to become minister and pastor of that society." On the 6th of October, on accepting this call, he said that the decision was not unattended by pain and fear: of pain on severing a most pleasant pastoral connection with a large and prosperous society; and of fear at entering a field untried, where the most faithful labor might not seem success. He touched briefly, but pointedly, on denominational matters; and closed with the heartfelt prayer that Heaven might bless both pastor and people with a common and zealous faithfulness to the cause of the

* See page 74.

Redeemer.* On the next day, he announced this acceptance to his society in a characteristic letter, frank, warm, and beautiful. It cost him a severe struggle to part with old friends and the friends of his father, and it grieved them to part with him. The society was strong, healthy, and prosperous. It was in his way — in his modesty and his under-estimate of himself — to write as to the course he felt compelled

* CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 6, 1848.

To the Committee of Hollis-street Society.

GENTLEMEN, — It is my duty to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from you, enclosing a copy of votes passed by the Proprietors of Hollis-street Meeting-house on Monday evening last, by which I am invited "to become minister and pastor of that society."

Though I did not anticipate, when my letter of June last, in reply to a similar communication, was sent to you, that the invitation would be renewed, my circumstances have so far changed, that I have been able, of late, to give the subject more serious consideration than formerly; and I have now to request that you will receive and announce to the society my acceptance of their call.

It is right for me to say, that this decision is not unattended by pain and fear. It severs a most pleasant pastoral connection with a large and prosperous society, from whose members I have received the most generous treatment, and which offers an ample opportunity for Christian effort; while it introduces me to a field partially untried, where even the most faithful labor may not secure success.

The kind and liberal manner in which, gentlemen, you have

to take: "It is but just to say, what indeed is sufficiently obvious, that no cause of dissatisfaction has been furnished by the society; neither has any arisen out of its circumstances and condition. Its prosperity is evident; and I have ever been treated by its members with kindness and forbearance. They have been more faithful to their duties than I to mine." He was emphatic in the statement that the step had not even been taken in part by any change of religious views. The society adopted a series of resolu-

been pleased to refer to my present position, encourages the hope, that the relation which it is and ever will be my happiness to sustain towards many brethren of a different *name*, though scarcely of a different *faith*, from your own, will prove no barrier to that entire harmony of feeling with your future pastor.

I am not conscious of any peculiarity of belief which ought to prevent an acceptance of your invitation: the distinctive feature of Unitarian theology it has long been my joy to receive and preach; and it will be a great pleasure to me to be more nearly united by position and social ties to those brethren of your denomination with whom I have long enjoyed spiritual sympathy and the fellowship of a common faith.

With the heartfelt prayer that Heaven will bless the connection to which we may now look forward, and that our common and zealous faithfulness to the cause of the Redeemer, in our different spheres, may prove the means of a noble prosperity to our church, I remain, very truly, your friend and brother,

T. S. KING.

tions, cordially reciprocating the friendly sentiment of his letter, and expressing their heartfelt wishes for his future prosperity and happiness; leaving the decision with him as to the time of the dissolution of the connection.* It was

* The following is Mr. King's letter:—

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 7, 1848.

To the Committee of the Universalist Society.

BRETHREN,—It is my duty to announce to you that I have this week accepted an invitation to settle with the Hollis-street Society in Boston; and therefore, that at the expiration of three months, or at an earlier date if it be thought mutually desirable, my pastoral connection with the Universalist Society in this city will cease.

The reasons which have induced me to take this step are of such a nature, growing out of peculiar necessities and private feelings which cannot be controlled, that they cannot properly be stated at length, and could not, I fear, be appreciated by any who do not fully know my circumstances, and the inward obstacles with which, since my settlement, I have been obliged to contend. Although the conflict of feeling in arriving at this decision has been severe, I feel certain that the course which I have taken is justified by motives, the force of which my conscience could not evade, and to which I was compelled to yield.

It is but just to say, what indeed is sufficiently obvious, that no cause of dissatisfaction has been furnished by the society; neither has any arisen out of its circumstances and condition. Its prosperity is evident; and I have ever been treated by its members with uniform kindness and forbearance. They have been more faithful to their duties than I to mine; and I cannot forget, that to a large number of them I owe, in behalf of our family, a debt of gratitude for generosity of earlier date than that which has been extended directly to myself. I trust, there-

thought best that his labors in Boston should not be delayed three months; and, uttering an affectionate parting word from his pulpit, on the first Sunday in November, a month before his installation, he began his eleven-years'

fore, brethren, you will feel assured, that, in spite of my conviction that the labors of some other pastor would be better adapted to and appreciated by a majority of the society, it is a most painful and trying thing for me to sever the tie which has bound me to such faithful and cherished friends.

Excuse me, also, if I state that this step has not been suggested, even in part, by any change of religious views. If my feelings and tendencies of thought have unfitted me for strong sectarian sympathies, yet my confidence in the cardinal principles of Universalism, and the cheering prospect of the ultimate triumph of good, remains unshaken; and I trust it will be evident that my change of position will not weaken my attachment to the Universalist denomination, nor remove me beyond the cordial and most pleasant fellowship of my present associates in the ministry.

Private considerations almost exclusively have urged and compelled me to dissolve my present ties, and seek another field of labor. The course may be misinterpreted by many; but I feel confident that the motives by which it has been dictated are such as God approves.

I pray you, brethren, in communicating to the society this letter, which it has cost me so much pain to write, to assure them that my most hearty prayer is for their spiritual welfare; and to accept, on your own behalf, my gratitude for your friendship and counsel, and my warmest wishes for your personal prosperity and happiness. Most truly your friend and brother,

T. S. KING.

service as the minister of the Hollis-street Society.

It is but simple justice to say, that Mr. King's ministry had more than met the expectation of his friends, while he had been solidly growing in character and intellectual power. He had contributed freely to several periodicals, and his philosophical papers had attracted much attention in influential circles. Other papers, less pretentious, show the blossoming of his religious genius. His reputation was wide outside of his parish. In a word, to use Mr. Mayo's language, "for two years he ministered as few men have toiled; and, at their end, found himself an acknowledged power in the headquarters of American theological culture."

ELEVEN YEARS OF HIS MINISTRY.

THOMAS STARR KING was installed the pastor of the Hollis-street Society as he was about to enter on his twenty-fourth birthday. In the ministry of the gifted Holley, who has been called the most splendid orator New England has produced, the society enjoyed rare prosperity: it was now disabled by dissension and disaster to such an extent, that it was "a fragment whose very fibres were bruised." These are Mr. King's words; and he said, "If I had known the precise state of the case, how few of the pews were owned or even rented, how strong was the prejudice against the church and the very building on account of the long troubles, and how little

hope of the future of the parish was felt outside of the committee that conducted the correspondence with me, I could not have dared so great a venture as an acceptance of the call."*

The installation ceremony took place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6. "The Trumpet" says, "The council consisted of the pastors and delegates of thirty-nine churches, four of which were Universalist. We are not sure that all the churches invited were present. Rev. Dr. F. Parkman was elected moderator; and Rev. Mr. Coolidge, scribe. The candidate was examined on several points: and, first, whether he agreed with the Rationalists, so called, in his views of the Scriptures; and he gave such answers as fully satisfied the council that his mind had no bias of that nature. He was then asked whether he believed that retribution extended to the future world. To which he replied, that he had always held and preached that the characters which men form in this life are the characters with which they enter the future state. On being asked whether he be-

* Words at parting.

lieved in the final triumph of holiness over all sin, — the final and universal reign of goodness, — he replied, that he did; that he entered the Universalist ministry because he believed that doctrine, and that he should not have done so had he not believed it." Dr. Ballou was a member of this council, and was delighted with the matter and the manner of his young friend, in answering the questions that were put to him.

The services in the church, on this occasion, were uncommonly interesting. Dr. Frothingham made the introductory prayer; Dr. Ballou read the Scriptures; Dr. Dewey preached the sermon; Mr. Alger gave the fellowship of the churches; Mr. Bartol delivered the charge; and Dr. Chapin made the address to the society. There was an original hymn by Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer, wife of Rev. Dr. Sawyer, of New York. The "Christian Register" of the 9th of December says, "If the prayers offered, the truths preached, the sympathies expressed, the counsels given, the mutual duties stated, — in a word, if the general spirit and tone of this

occasion shall have been heartily responded to (and we trust and believe that they were) by both pastor and people, and shall mould their relations to each other and to the world, — no higher blessing need to be wished for the society worshipping in Hollis Street. Dr. Dewey took for his text, Eph. ii. 1: 'And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.' The preacher's subject was the condition of the world in sin, and the means of its recovery to holiness. We trust that a performance so valuable; so rich in the fruits of a large experience, and in the views of a capacious mind; so clear in its perceptions of what a minister and church ought to be; so comprehensive of the aims, and so full of sympathy with the spirit, of Christ, — will, with the right hand of fellowship, and the noble charge of Mr. Bartol, and the eloquent, catholic address to the people by Mr. Chapin, be given to the public."

Many of his Charlestown society were present on this occasion, and saw him affectionately welcomed by a band of true and noble friends, whose unwavering love and cordiality, in a

ministry of eleven years, he says, "made him realize the words of Christian sympathy and fellowship." So acceptable were his labors, and so great was his reputation, that the society had been increasing from the hour of his acceptance. He took a house in Dover Street; and, on his birthday (Dec. 17), he was united in marriage with Miss Julia Wiggin, of East Boston; and the delights of a happy home were joined to the pleasure of seeing his ministerial work prosper. He had found a warm friend in Dr. Bartol, who thus describes his appearance: "He had the golden hair, and ruddy complexion in a fair skin, which are thought to betoken an uncommonly spiritual nature. A singular modesty, gentle self-denial, and beaming good-will, were in his countenance and air. The sweetness of his voice, when he spoke, added to the clear intelligence of every word; while attending the tones were looks so transparent, that they served but for expression. The fleshly features were only the channels by which the immaterial inmate conveyed its wishes and thoughts. So extreme, however, in him

was the impression of *youth*, that those who saw him with me said, 'Why, he is a mere boy!' But that boy was a man already, as his whole deportment and discourse so signally showed. He was a bright, consummate flower of the Universalist faith."

It was natural that his ministerial brethren of this persuasion should grieve to see the fruitage that might follow so beautiful a flowering apparently destined to inure to the benefit of the Unitarians. But he remarked in his letter of resignation, that his feelings, and his tendencies of thought, had unfitted him for strong sectarian tendencies. This remark will be found sustained by unstudied expressions of his private letters for years, which have been cited; and there is no evidence that his religious opinions, so far as cardinal principles were concerned, ever changed. The views he expresses in his letters he was in the habit of freely uttering in his conversation; and while, undoubtedly, he looked forward with pleasure to a nearer personal communion with the eminent men with whom he had long enjoyed spiritual sympathy,

he hoped that his change of position might not remove him beyond the cordial fellowship of his present associates. His long-entertained convictions, however, could be known but to few; and the feeling of regret at this change found expression sometimes in unjust criticism. To the last, he remained unfitted for strong sectarian sympathies; and he retained in its early freshness his love for the liberal gospel.

He encountered criticism of a different kind from another quarter. The "New-England Puritan" said that the Hollis-street Society, having been brought to the verge of dissolution, heard of a Universalist preacher by the name of King, who was a young man educated in the common schools of Portsmouth and Charlestown, and, about two years ago, was in some business in the Navy Yard. This disparaging notice drew from one, who says that he sat by his side in the Charlestown schools, a spirited plea in demurrer. Admitting the fact in its fulness as to the schools, he reasoned that it did not follow as a consequence that he was unworthy to occupy the Hollis-street pulpit. His

reputation as a scholar and preacher was known throughout the land; one of the wealthiest churches in New York sought to secure his services; and he had reached eminence solely by his personal industry. "His scholastic attainments," says Veritas,* "are of such a character and extent, as would be honorable to those of far more advanced age; his private character is above and beyond even the breath of reproach; and his social qualities are such as involuntarily to endear him to all whose privilege it is to come in contact with him."

I do not propose to give a history of the ministry of Mr. King,—of his life in the pulpit or in the homes of his parish, or of his wider life in the lecture-rooms of half the land, his Fourth-of-July and other occasional efforts, and his contributions to the periodicals. These labors won him hosts of friends. The ripe in years and the profound in learning, as well as the young and unlettered, bore testimony to the charm of his varied gifts in private and in public. On leaving Charlestown, he thought and

* The article of "Veritas" appeared in the "Boston Post."

talked much of the denominational aspect of the step he was about to take; but he also made the great change in life from the comparative repose of a beautiful self-culture to the stir, hurry, and excitement, and the enjoyment and exhaustion, of wide public service. This was not his ideal. It was simply a necessity.* He never embraced the dangerous notion, that his faculties of themselves, without labor, would carry him up to the great intellectual heights.† A longing to renew his real discipline appeared to grow upon him. He looked forward to each year as to a season of rest; when, instead, there came fresh calls and new responsibilities. "We," Edwin P. Whipple says, in his beautiful tribute to his genius, "were always after him to write, to preach, to lecture, to converse; we plotted lovingly against his leisure; and, as long as

* In "Words at Parting," Mr. King says of "the lecture," "I cannot regret that I have been drawn so widely into that field; for it has been simply a necessity."

† Mr. King says, "The laws of the human mind are not suspended or reversed in behalf of religious service. It requires training and discipline and severe reflection to reach the highest walks of theology, as much as it requires them to reach the highest walk in any intellectual pursuit."

there was a bit of life in him, we claimed it with all the indiscriminate eagerness of exacting affection. As soon as a thought sprouted in his head, we insisted on having it; and we were all in friendly conspiracy to prevent his exercise of that patient, concentrated, uninterrupted thinking which conducts to the heights of intellectual power."*

Mr. King, however, always found time to act out his moral nature. "He was frank, generous, and alive to every appeal to his feelings, though with none of the morbid sensibility which 'weeps with those who weep,' but forgets to do any thing to relieve suffering."† He was always ready to aid others to the best of his power. He began this in Charlestown; he improved the opportunities as they multiplied in Boston; and thus he continued to act to the end of his life. Dr. Bartol says, "I have known mild, affectionate, tender-hearted, and accommodating persons, a great many, in my day; but I have never been acquainted with one who would

* Address at Hollis Street, April 3, 1864.

† Professor Tweed.

go farther for you on his feet, toil harder or more disinterestedly for you with his hands, or sing the hymn of goodness he embodied in his life more harmoniously to you with his lips."* Rev. Edward E. Hale,† in his fine tribute to Mr. King, says, "Somebody told me to-day, who lived in the neighborhood of his home, of the time when people came up and down Hollis Street, and turned into Burroughs Place (Mr. King purchased a house and lived here), and how they would ask where Mr. King lived. Widows seeking for comfort and aid in supporting their families, poor students, and exiles who could not speak a word of English, — all came to see Mr. King, and, ringing the door-bell, found entrance there; and always, as they came back, the step was quicker which was slow before, the head was up which was down before, and the lips wreathed in his smiles that were sad before. That story tells us much of him. I have gone there at all hours, morning, noon, and night, and always found a welcome: al-

* "The Unspotted Life."

† Address at Hollis Street, April 3, 1864.

ways forgetting himself; willing to do any thing you wanted him to do; willing to do things that he was not asked to do."

His private correspondence shows how near his heart was the work of the ministry, and how grateful he was at the success which crowned his labors. On the 1st of January, 1854, in wishing his confidential friend through life, Mr. Randolph Ryer, of New York, a happy new year, he gives expression to sentiments alike honorable to the giver and receiver: "We are fast getting to be old fogies, Randolph. Fourteen years since we met! What changes! what growths of mind! what slippings from old moorings! what scootings-out from narrow circumstances, and little lakes of experience, into wider bays, towards the great sea! Little did I imagine, fourteen years ago, that I should ever have such a position of trust in the world as Providence has gently lifted me up to by the easiest inclined plane of continuous accident. But here I am, a little wiser than then; with some serious purpose, I believe, hidden somewhere in my bosom; with some little gratitude,

I trust, towards Providence, that has done so much better than I deserve; and with a love for a few old friends, which I hope the year 1874, if it sees here, will find only riper; and which I pray may be perfected, if we shall have then passed on. You, Randolph, always believed that I would come to something, when I did not dream that I had the capacity for adorning any pedestal. Your attachment has been a great comfort to me: your friendship has been pure enough to be accounted a choice privilege in my life." *

During the period of his ministry in Boston, exciting national questions agitated the public mind. On the days when it is customary for clergymen to dwell on political subjects, he spoke on them from the pulpit as he felt it his duty to speak. Thus, in 1852, he arraigned for the first time the evil of slavery; and in 1854, on a Fast Day, in a sermon entitled "Precedents and Principles," he pressed the formula of free-

* I am indebted to Mr. Ryer for the use of seventy-two letters, commencing in 1841, and continuing to the close of Mr. King's life.

dom as an idea, which he had developed in his early orations, to its logical results, and urged its rigid application as the duty of the hour. He was aware that these utterances were disagreeable to a portion of his congregation, and to some of his most cherished friends; but he felt that he could stand in no other than a free pulpit, in which he could be true to his convictions of duty. His private correspondence, during his whole ministry, shows that to be a preacher of a liberal gospel was the ambition of his life. He wrote, in 1855, "How we do need good preaching! Would that I could preach extempore!"

He defined his denominational position in a speech which he made in Faneuil Hall, in 1858, at the Annual Festival of the Universalists; having attended the Unitarian Festival the previous week. He said, "Would that I might be accepted here as the representative of a large number of the Unitarian body, who, I know, are looking with peculiar interest to the movements and prosperity of this large denomination! The number is increasing among the

Unitarians who feel and say that the two bodies are called by Providence to serve the same glorious ends. People often ask what the precise difference is between the two parties. I heard a gentleman say once, that the distance between the two parties was the distance between two parlors of a house that were separated by folding-doors. Both rooms are under the same roof. One-half the folding-doors has been thrown open: let the other half be rolled back, that the company may be one, or that there may be free passage. A friend of mine asked me, not long ago, — the question is often raised, — whether I am a Universalist or a Unitarian. I said to him, as I say here, that both parties have essentially the same mission and objects; that they ought to be indissolubly united, even if they keep separate names, like the Siamese twins; that I should be glad to take any place as a small fibre in the ligament that should join them; and that I don't care whether they call me Chang or Eng. You have heard, perhaps, Mr. Chairman, of the dispute between the Universalist and the Unitarian lay-

man as to the theological difference between the two parties, and of how the Universalist summed it up. 'The Universalist,' said he, 'believes that God is too good to damn us for ever; and you Unitarians believe that you are too good to be damned.' Here is the whole controversy in a nutshell. Both principles are admirably condensed in that witty sentence."*

Though the philosophical cast of his theology subjected him to sharp criticism from a portion of the Universalist clergy, and his intimacy with the eminent divines of the Unitarian order absorbed much of his time, yet he also kept up cordial relations with his early ministerial brethren, and especially with Dr. Chapin

* This speech thus goes on, immediately after the quotation of this witty sentence, to the end, as follows: —

"The Universalist puts God in the foreground of his creed. The earth and our whole system, and the whole universe, are bound to the throne, the law, the justice, the love, the heart, of the Infinite Father; and we know that evil cannot rule in any district of his realm for ever. And the Unitarian sees in every man a spark, a breath, an effluence of the Infinite Life, which cannot lose its gravitation to its source, and which is the pledge of its return, if it exists for ever, to consecration and loyalty. On the characteristic principle of either sect, everlasting suffering cannot be true.

"How mean and sad, therefore, are jealousies and strifes be-

and Dr. Ballou. His confidential intercourse with Dr. Ballou continued. About the time he made the speech from which I have made free citations, he felt moved, he said, to go down into Gehenna; and he sought the guidance of

tween the two organizations! I stood in this hall on Tuesday evening, when the Unitarians held their festival, and listened with great interest to some remarkable words from the lips of a man whose face was dyed deep olive by the sun of Hindostan, and whose eyes burned with the passion and imagination of India. He was a Brahmin convert of a Unitarian missionary, and had just arrived here two days since. His name is Jogut Chunder Gunkooli. He alluded in his speech to the surprise he felt, when, after his first interest in Christianity, a missionary in India warned him not to be baptized by a Presbyterian, but to be received by himself into the only true church, — the Church of England. Said the Brahmin, in perplexity and amazement, 'What is Presbyterian? what is Church of England? I do not know these words: I want to leave idolatry, and be a Christian.' *There* was a base line for you, — six thousand miles of space, and a Hindoo brain at the other end, to measure the altitude and dignity of the quarrel between two rival forms of church government in Great Britain!

"Well, brethren, we are set before the future to do something to make a noble and complete theology possible in the new ages that are opening. To the Universalist is especially committed the doctrine of God's love; to the Unitarians, the worth of human nature, and intellectual liberty in the criticism and appreciation of Scripture and inspiration. Both parties are facing the future with germ-truths; the future, which is longer and more precious to Providence than the past, and in which the presence and inspiration of the spirit, that are never denied to the race, will be

his early friend, Dr. Ballou, before all other guidance; "knowing," he says, "that, in his society, I should be safe from evil spirits." As this visit proved eventful, it may be proper briefly to dwell on it.

shown in the giving of more theological truth, as well as in the supply of religious vitality. How will the differences and controversies and jealousies between Unitarians and Universalists look a few thousand years hence? Will they jut up prominent and respectable over the common work for the reform of theology and the quickening of humanity in which they are equally engaged? Let us seek such a stand-point, now and then, in fancy, to survey our divisions.

"The astronomers tell us, Mr. Chairman, that there are centres of systems in the far deeps of space, composed of two suns, instead of one such as our planets obey. These twin-suns are generally of different and complementary colors. Still further, sir, astronomy assures us, that, while our globe and its fellow-orbs are circling around our sun, the sun himself and the whole system are sweeping around some far-off, common centre of the universe, — perhaps one of those wondrous pairs of stars that blaze and flash upon the confines of immensity. So I think the parties that now bend around different theological centres are all moving in a larger orbit than many of us imagine, — around a centre hidden as yet, and for the most part unsuspected. The future will reveal it. And it seems to me that the central energy which is drawing and will harmonize all our movements will be disclosed as the twin-truths to which the Unitarian and Universalist bodies are bearing witness now, but globed in mightier mass and richer splendor than our poor interpretations give, — the red and green of fraternal suns, — publishing the glory of God's love, and the priceless worth of humanity."

It happened that Dr. Nehemiah Adams, one of the ablest and most respected clergymen of Boston, preached in his own church a sermon on eternal punishment; which Mr. King went to hear, and then invited the doctor to repeat at Hollis Street; feeling sure that it would do the side of the liberal Christians good, "by showing," he says, "what Orthodoxy does to a sincere, able, and sweet-spirited man, when it organizes in him, and strikes through and through his nature." Dr. Adams accepted the invitation. The church was thronged; and, after its delivery, they had in the pulpit a friendly conversation on doctrinal points. "It was a glorious time," he writes: "we parted the best of friends, and I hope to have many a good talk with him." Mr. King answered this sermon in two discourses, which were printed. During their preparation, he consulted Dr. Ballou, both by letter and by visits to the doctor's residence; and his counsel was the guidance Mr. King so generously acknowledged. The note is so peculiar, that it seems to require a brief recital.

Dr. Ballou, then the President of Tufts College, had removed his residence from the centre of Medford to Walnut Hill, where the new institution is located, which is in the centre of a panorama of surpassing natural beauty; and at this time he was editing the "Quarterly Review." A succession of elaborate articles in the review, by Mr. King, during the period of the Hollis-street ministry, attests the closeness of their literary intercourse. Their correspondence, when Mr. King was at Charlestown, was of the most familiar and playful character. Indeed, Dr. Ballou was accustomed to write letters of this nature to Mr. King's father, who carried them in his pocket, and read them with hearty laughter to his friends; and their rich vein of humor never failed to entertain.* Dr.

* There must be many of these letters with the private papers of Mr. King, among which are his father's manuscripts. I am indebted to Professor Tweed, who resides near the late residence of Dr. Ballou, for one which he received on a winter morning, when the snow had blocked the roads round Walnut Hill, and the New-England staple, salt fish, was in request, — a dinner of which, by the way, John Hancock used to invite his friends to eat on Saturdays. Dr. Ballou was induced to celebrate the virtues of this famous dish in verse. On reading the following lines to Mrs.

Ballou was in the habit of sending such things also to Dr. Chapin and others. Sometimes they would be in verse, and sometimes written in half a dozen languages. I have not seen one of these things in print. The circle of friends was public enough for him.

Ballou, she asked, "What are you going to do with them?" The doctor replied, "I shall send them to Professor Tweed." "Why, they are silly," she said. "That's the reason I am going to send them," he replied. They were put in an envelope, and left at Mr. Tweed's door. Mr. King remarked of them, that, had they been written by Leigh Hunt, for humor, versification, and fancy, they would have been considered as one of his best effusions.

Staple food on Walnut Hill!
Victual-fund, for drafts at will!
Ready in all exigents,
Minute-man of esculents!
Substitute for every dish,—
Hail, all hail to thee, Salt Fish!

When the rain comes pouring down,
And no market-carts from town;
Nought abroad but roaring gale,
Streaming hills, and flooded vale,—
"What for dinner do you wish?"
Asks the wife. The same,—Salt Fish.

When the winter's smothering blow
Drifts the roads, fence-high, with snow,
Shrouding Nature all in white,
As for her funereal rite,—
If a dinner-thought intrude
On our awful solitude,
Can we feel blue devilish?
Blest resourse! there's some Salt Fish.

This will explain the wording of the following note to Dr. Ballou, who was the author of that careful and admirable work, "The Ancient History of Universalism:" —

My dear Dr. B., — Boston, May 11, 1858.
The Great Hosee, —

I have been re-reading lately a celebrated work by some learned and perverse heretic of the last

Rain nor snow nor cold nor heat
May disturb our high retreat:
All within is cheery still
In our homes on Walnut Hill.
Does a friend or guest drop in
Just about the hour to dine?
Though the larder's void, what matters?
Out with cups and knives and platters;
Help him, till no more he wish,
From thy bounty, O Salt Fish!

Thou of eatables the chief, —
Whether called Atlantic beef,
Mutton caught at Newfoundland,
Poultry from the ocean-strand,
Venison from the *shoaly banks*, —
Still for thee we render thanks,
O thou *universal* dish!
Hail, all hail, to thee, Salt Fish!

Blessings on thy face antique,
Mummy ichthyologic,
Drawn from caves beneath the tides
Older than the Pyramids!
What a wondrous power thou hast,
That can make us feast and fast,
Blending lean and hungry Lent
With Carnival incontinent,
Making all days Fridavish,
Thaumaturgical Salt Fish!

century, to whom the gods had not denied the gift of a most excellent English style ; to wit, " The Ancient History of Universalism." I find that my principles have become somewhat corrupted by the show of fairness and erudition and the insidious style of the awful volume. After perusing it, I am in doubt touching the doctrine and logic of Rev. Dr. Nehemiah South-side Calvin Adams.

Yet I fear to trust myself unreservedly to the statements and implications of a book evidently written by an oily and plausible but reckless and godless man. How much better to be under the guidance of a sleek and serious Christian, who does not tamper with the Holy Word, and who admires the arrangements of this world as the neat and symmetrical portico of hell!

Yet three points in the wily volume above mentioned disturb me, and forbid that serene yielding of my intellect to the influence of the saintly and cheering Nehemiah, which seems so advisable. The treacherous writer asserts (p. 45) that the Sibylline Oracles use the word " everlasting " concerning the punishment of the wicked, — still teaching universal restoration. Also (p. 88) that an old scamp, a spurious Capon Christian, an Egyptian gelding, — the father (so far as a wretch in his situation can be called *father*, in a correct use of language), at any rate, the *Origen*, of Universalism, — used the same

word touching the overhauling which scoundrels will experience in the life to come. Still further, the pestilent book affirms (pp. 179, 180) that Gregory of Nyssa knew so little of Greek as to use "everlasting" again of temporal discipline; and also that the wicked are to be saved by means of *everlasting* purgation.

Now, I cannot think that the writer of the volume, or even these old numskulls, are to be trusted against Dr. Adams. But I do want to know, before I settle finally into a poor opinion of their scholarship, whether it is the word *aiōnios*, which in three instances they so ignorantly apply to that punishment which . . . is to be literally unending. Can you inform me touching this matter? If you have any knowledge of the puerile but pernicious publication referred to, will you drop me a line as soon as possible? and believe me,

Yours in suspense, T. S. KING.

I am to preach a sermon next Sunday evening, in which I wish to use the fact.

I am informed that Mr. King received Dr. Ballou's criticisms on the reply to Dr. Adams while it was in manuscript. Mr. King, with characteristic frankness and generosity, acknowledged his indebtedness to his friend in

this matter, in a speech which he made in the following June, at the Annual Universalist Festival in Faneuil Hall. "Recently, sir," he said, "I have been associated with him (Dr. Ballou) in a most singular and important way. You know that Dante, when he wished to make his imaginative descent into hell, obtained the guidance of the spirit of Virgil. He felt sure that no harm could befall him in those dreadful regions, if the pale and cultured poet should attend him through its awful circles. Well, sir, recently, under the stimulus of a celebrated Orthodox preacher in my neighborhood, I desired to look into the dreadful regions of the under-world. I felt moved to go down into Gehenna. Not daring to go alone, I obtained the guidance of Dr. Ballou, knowing that in his society I should be safe from evil spirits. To my amazement, when we reached the place where Gehenna should begin, *it was gone*. It seemed to be scattered, dissipated, swept into nonentity, by the magic of his clear and penetrative eye. There was no lower jail beneath the earth for the torment of imprisoned souls. We found

that the world was round; that there was sunlight and air beneath it as above it; that Gehenna was a Rabbinic myth; and that the globe was rolling through a universe pervaded by God's law, and everywhere luminous with his love."

Mr. King's two discourses in reply to Dr. Adams were published under the title of "The Doctrine of Endless Punishment, for the Sins of this Life, Unchristian and Unreasonable." They were widely noticed by the press, and elicited elaborate criticism. They were received with favor by one portion of Universalists. The "Quarterly"—not then edited by Dr. Ballou — said of them, "We find that an old topic seems new, when treated by a thinker, from whose mind fresh statements, new illustrations, and poetic imagery, come as the overflow of a fountain which is always being replenished." The "Trumpet," however, objected to the way in which Mr. King handled the argument from texts in support of universal restoration; and its editor elaborated his criticism in an article in the "Quarterly." The "American Theological

Review" (Orthodox) as earnestly controverted Mr. King's positions as to things vital in the Orthodox creed. I pass over theological points. Both of these articles recognized the position which Mr. King had reached as a man, a lecturer, and a preacher. The Universalist critic (Rev. Thomas Whittemore) wove a brief review of his life into his animadversions, saying that he was a remarkable man; that he had great knowledge for his years; that he had a peculiarly philosophical mind, and had studied the modern languages; that he had read the philosophers of Germany and France as well as of England and the United States; and that he embraced Universalism as a philosophy rather than as a revelation. "Soon after his settlement in Charlestown," the editor of the "Trumpet" said, "he began to attract a large share of public attention. One or two secular and patriotic lectures, which he delivered on public occasions, gave scope for his poetic conceptions, beautiful style, and his eloquence; and thus largely increased his fame." The critic in the "Theological Review," in remarking on "the

intellectual habit, taste, or genius, or whatever it was," which secured for Mr. King "his unrivalled popularity," said that "he was known and esteemed as a very brilliant rhetorician." "He astonishes," the "Review" says, "and charms his hearers by a rare mastery over sentences. He is a skilful word-marshal; and who does not like to see a fine muster? Hence his popularity as a lyceum-lecturer. However much of elegant leisure the more solid and instructive lecturers may have, Mr. King is always wanted. He is, in some respects, the most popular writer and preacher of the two denominations which he equally represents; being a sort of soft ligament between the Chang of Universalism, and the Eng of Unitarianism, with the largest liberties of both; drawing from the best life of both, and shedding back upon each, with judicial impartiality, his coruscation of words, and showers of pearls. We are confident he will acknowledge the justness of the compliment, even if he objects to this public method of offering it, when we call him a grand master of style."

The article suggests a remark on Mr. King's rhetoric. In early life, he was in the habit of expressing admiration of Daniel Webster "as a grand master of style:" his taste was for the simplest mode of expression; and he aimed at ease and clearness. Some of his later productions evince want of care, and indicate his hurried way of life. It is remarked by Professor Tweed, that Mr. King's images were not the dress, but the body, of thought. "Everything in Nature," Mr. Tweed says, "was to him but a type of some spiritual truth. The awe inspired by mountain-scenery was immediately translated to reverence. A scene of beauty was the smile of God. It was not lack of imagination, but only the white light of his intellect, that prevented his being a poet. His power of expression exceeded that of any other man with whom I was ever acquainted; and the beauty of his style was inseparable from the sentiment of which it was a part. His images were all illustrations, — not the dress, but the body, of thought; and the severest taste would find it difficult to prune without constantly

touching the quick." While the irony of the "Review" was going through the press, Mr. King addressed the following note to Dr. Ballou, which has something about style: —

Boston, Oct. 15, 1858.

My dear Doctor, — I received the October number of the "Universalist Quarterly" yesterday, and was made wiser and happier by reading your article on the "Doctrine of Necessity." It is a noble and masterly paper, — really a thoroughly artistic piece of work in the reasoning line; not a specimen of *logic*, but of *reasoning*. It puts me in mind of those costly gold chains which fasten gentlemen's watches to the vest-button, — firm and heavy as a solid piece of metal, yet linked so finely, that it is supple, elastic, and graceful along the whole line.

Really, it gives me joy to see such consummate workmanship in our days of flippant composition and sleazy thought. I don't know anybody in New England whose handling of the profound elementary questions of religious philosophy is so nearly kindred with the sinewy masters of English thought. One could pass from your writing to Bishop Butler's without any feeling of stepping down a mental plane. As to patience, absence of all pretence, and easy command of domestic and sturdy Saxon, your philosophic papers revive my admiration of the style of

Hume's "Essays;" which, as to mere *style*, have always seemed to me models (I mean Sceptic, not Thaumaturgus, Hume).

Are there any of the Universalist dalliers with "Necessity" capable of seeing how thoroughly you have consumed their system, smoke and all? The completeness of your demolition, — if we are to trust the primal beliefs and intuitions of our nature, — and the method of doing it, by slowly and accurately evolving the system itself into symmetry, give me a rich and humorous satisfaction. It is judicial and juicy.

Hoping to see you before long, either here or in Medford, I am, as ever,

Yours, T. S. KING.

Mr. King was now connecting his name with ravine and valley, with pool and flume and notch, and every peak, of the far-famed White Hills. He passionately loved the sea and the mountain. "See him," Dr. Bellows says, "at the mountains and on the sea-shore, — and he was almost an equal lover of both, — and you would take him for some enthusiastic devotee of scenery; or some rapt naturalist, who had spent his whole life in studying shells or mosses

or algæ; or with whom the stars, the clouds, and the shadows were the only subjects of worthy meditation."* Such was his religious genius, that he had more than a mere æsthetic eye. The awe inspired by the grand in Nature was translated into reverence; the scene of beauty, into the smile of God.†

He first visited the White Hills at the age of thirteen, probably with his father; but I have no facts as to this visit. His intimacy with Dr. Ballou undoubtedly cherished a love of this remarkable region. The doctor was also an enthusiast for mountain-scenery. He had made himself familiar with all the great ranges of the earth: he knew the Alps so accurately, before his visit to them, that, Mr. King remarked, he could probably have told precisely where he was if he had been dropped from a balloon into some one of the passes or valleys of Switzerland; and he repeatedly visited and minutely observed the White Hills. He embodied in his "Quarterly" for April,

* Dr. Bellows's Discourse, May 1, 1864.
† Professor Tweed.

1846, his fondness for them, in a beautiful and eloquent paper. On this subject I know nothing, which had appeared, superior to it; and well remember Mr. King's enthusiasm for the White Hills at the time of its publication.

I have no memorial of any visit he may have made to this region prior to 1849; an account of which he described in two letters addressed to Mr. Randolph Ryer. They are too characteristic to be omitted: —

Boston, July 30, 1849.

My dear Randolph, — You are probably aware that it is some time since I wrote to you. . . . I have been to the White Mountains. . . . I started a week ago last Thursday morning, in company with Mr. Tweed. . . . At Lowell, we found two other gentlemen; . . . and we kept together happily until our return. About noon of that day, we arrived on the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee; which, in the Indian tongue, means "the smile of the Great Spirit." The name is most appropriate; for more lovely scenery than meets the eye, as you cross the lake in the little steamer, certainly cannot be found on this glorious planet. All the way it is equal to the most picturesque views which the Hudson affords. We arrived at Centre Harbor, a little village which skirts the head

of the lake, in season for dinner; and remained there, from choice, all night. There is a fine solitary mountain in this village, called Red Hill, 2,500 feet high, and quite steep, which we ascended on Friday morning; and the view from which amply repays the delay in the journey, and the exhaustive toil of a two-hours' ascent. Just think of going up ten Bunker-hill Monuments, piled one upon another, and without stone steps cut regularly to facilitate the ascent! On Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, we started in an overloaded stage for Conway, which is thirty-four miles from Centre Harbor. The road is rather difficult for stage-travel, especially when there are seventeen people in and on a stage that carries nine inside, each person having a large trunk: but some of the views are grand; for the road lies in a valley that is flanked by the Ossipee and the Sandwich ranges of hills. We didn't travel much over four miles an hour; and nine o'clock at night found us at the village of Ossipee, thirteen miles from Conway. Here we enjoyed two delightful classes of sensations. The first was experienced at the supper-table: the last was of a rarer and a higher kind. The highest and last summit of the Ossipee range overlooks the little tavern where we stopped. The top is quite round; and, upon its whole surface, *the woods were on fire!* Thunder-clouds overhung the mountain, so that it was dark as Egypt; and, standing 2,500 feet be-

neath, we saw the glare and smoke of the cone, which seemed the crater of a mad volcano, that was about to pour flaming desolation on the valley beneath. It was a sight never to be forgotten. In spite of the darkness, danger, and rain, we kept on for Conway, which we reached at half-past eleven; and where, notwithstanding the damp, sultry heat, and the bed-bugs, we slept soundly till morning. I ought to say, however, that three miles of the road, from Ossipee to Conway, is through the woods; and, for more than a mile, the trees and brush each side of the stage were burning and falling as we passed. It was a glorious sight; none the less exciting from the imminent danger, at times, of great pine-trees, falling, as they burned, across the stage or the path. Fourth-of-July fireworks are nothing to the pyrotechny of hemlock-trees, when the blaze strikes their foliage, and wreathes them with flame. On Saturday morning, we left Conway for the Notch in the White Mountains, — about twenty-four miles. Fog hung around the distant summits, so that we lost the grandest views which this ride affords; but it was wild and inspiring enough as we saw it: and about noon we began to be hemmed in by crags, and lines of peaks, which prevented any view for more than a mile ahead. It was after dinner, in the afternoon, that we reached the Notch; and here a person might as well drop the pen. To

any one who has not seen wild mountain-scenery, language has no measures of meaning that will represent the physical grandeur and the strange impressions that break at once upon the eye and the soul in a spot like that. All rhetoric is out of place; and, if it were not, it would be baffled. It is the place to read the Psalms and the Book of Isaiah; to feel our insignificance, and the glory of the Creator. As you approach the Notch, the mountains seem to bar all further progress; when suddenly a turn in the road leads you between two mountains, that sweep quite sharply down to the same point at the base. A little further on, the valley widens some; and, for a mile on either side, ridges that are perfectly level on the top, and whose barren sides are almost perpendicular, line the path, and look down with a steady frown. Thunder-clouds rested upon all the mountains in the vicinity, as we approached the Notch; and, just after we entered, one peal of thunder rolled along the summit of the right-hand ridge, nearly 3,000 feet above us, with a dead, hollow sound, like a ball of lead that weighed a hundred tons. We were standing directly in front of the Willey House, near which, in 1826, the Willey Family were overwhelmed by the awful land-slide, which came at midnight, during a terrible tempest, and ruined every thing around but the cottage, above which it divided, and which it spared. They ran from the house for

safety, and were buried in thirty feet of rocks and gravel. Never again do I expect to have such feelings overpower me as all the scenes and associations at the Notch conspire to excite in a soul that is at all capable of being moved.

We passed through these wild passes to Crawford's quiet Notch House, where we spent the sabbath. Rev. Mr. Thomas, of New Bedford, preached in the parlor in the morning; and, in the afternoon, I walked back to the Willey House, and staid till nearly dark. O God! how wonderful are thy works! One passage of Scripture seems to be written on every cliff, and echoed to the soul from every ridge: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." I have not time nor room to write you of the ascent of Mt. Washington, but will reserve it for to-morrow. I am in fine health; and trusting that you are too, and sending all manner of messages to our friends, I am, until to-morrow, Yours truly,

STARR.

BOSTON, July 31, 1849.

MY DEAR RANDOLPH, — Perhaps I am boring you with this account of a journey into a region where you never travelled: but it is pleasant to write it; and, if you do not go to California, (from which Heaven preserve you!) I am determined that

you shall go to the White Mountains another year. The range which goes by the distinctive name of the White Mountains consists of eight summits, which rise directly back of the Notch House, and a few miles north of the Notch itself. The highest of these peaks is Mt. Washington, which is the fifth on the range, and is 6,200 feet above the level of the sea. The valley itself, however, from which the range rises, is 2,000 feet above the ocean; so that the real height of Mt. Washington, above the ground where it stands, is 4,200 feet. We started on our journey Monday morning, July 23, at eight o'clock, on horseback. There were twelve of the party, — ladies and gentlemen, and two guides. The first two miles of the way is a steady and steep ascent through the woods on the side of Mt. Clinton. The horses were sure-footed, the air was delicious, and our spirits were high. After gaining the rocky top of Clinton, the summit of Mt. Pleasant rises about a mile ahead, smoothed and arched precisely like the dome of our Boston State House. Descending the peak of Clinton, we wound around the head of Mt. Pleasant, riding along the brink of precipices that made the hair stand up, until we reached the rising ground that led to the peak of Mt. Franklin. Directly ahead of the summit of Franklin, and still higher up, appears the double head of Mt. Munroe; and, about a mile beyond Munroe, the cone of Mt. Washington

rises with a seemingly easy slope, and apparently 200 feet higher than its neighboring summits. The passage from Franklin to Munroe I shall never forget. It is the wildest and the grandest ride, probably, which can be found any where except upon the Alps. At one spot, the horse-path is made along the edge of a rock which overhangs an abyss that yawns to the very base of the mountain; and, for miles around, the sides and valley of the immense ravine are filled with pine-trees, whose sombre, monotonous verdure does not much relieve the sublime terror of the scene. And, at one place, we rode upon the ridge from which two valleys sloped away, and which commanded views for miles, to the right and left, among the hills by which we were surrounded. A horse, belonging to one of a party that ascended after us the same day, in going down one of the perilous descents on the edge of a gulf, went over, and struck upon his back on the top of a stunted pine-tree, about twenty feet below. This broke his fall; and he was drawn up safely, and ridden the rest of the way. The rider had fortunately dismounted, from fear, before the adventure.

Having passed the peaks which I have mentioned, we gained the slope of Mt. Washington, and began the ascent of its cone. From the distance, it seemed as though the peak was quite smooth, and that the ascent must be easy. But when we reached the

mountain itself, and saw the other peaks below us, we found that the head of Washington was in itself a mountain, and that the journey to the top would be the most toilsome part of the way. The whole summit was covered with green rocks, which lay like chips from some giant ship-yard. However, in about half an hour we succeeded, and stood upon the highest land this side the Mississippi, at half-past eleven. We were three hours and three-quarters in making the whole ascent: the distance is seven or eight miles. We dined on the summit, and found plenty of clear cold water bubbling up among the barren rocks, which was more refreshing than the spirit which everybody takes along. The day was very clear, and the view was most magnificent. On one side, we could see away off into Maine; on the west, the Green Mountains of Vermont dotted the horizon; to the north, the land of Canada is visible; and to the south-east, on a *very* clear day, the Atlantic, near Portsmouth and Portland, looks like a silver line upon the edge of the sky. But the grandeur of the prospect consists in the mountain-peaks and ranges, by which for miles on every hand the country is broken. It is as if the ocean, when the storm had lashed its billows into enormous size, had suddenly become hardened, and stood with upreared granite waves. It was a sight to be dreamed about, and recalled, and mused upon: it cannot be described. We sang "Old Hundred" after

dinner; and, having remained an hour on the summit, began the descent. It is about as difficult, and more tiresome, to go down as to go up. I walked more than half the way. When we reached the summit of Mt. Clinton, on the return, it began to rain; and most of the party were drenched when they reached the tavern. I had a great-coat with me, and an extra pair of pants, and kept dry. On Tuesday morning, we started for Franconia Notch, which we reached at three o'clock, P.M. The scenery here is magnificent. Perhaps you remember that "the Old Man of the Mountain" is visible here. On the jutting brow of a crag, 2,000 feet above the road, there is the profile of an old man, with a Roman helmet on his head. The outline is perfect, the head colossal, and the effect, as you may imagine, grand beyond description. There are very many objects of interest at this Notch, which I have not room to describe, but which I hope to revisit, in company with you, before many years. On Thursday morning, we started for home from Franconia; and arrived Thursday night, at half-past eight o'clock. I am homesick for the mountains. But to-morrow I leave for Rockport, to spend five weeks by the seashore. . . .

Your sincere friend, STARR.

Mr. King continued his visits to this region. In 1853, he began to print accounts of his

explorations, in the "Boston Transcript;" and having for ten years, in winter as well as summer, viewed its grace and glory, he embodied the results of his experience in a noble volume, entitled "The White Hills, — their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry." This was published in 1849, with this dedication: "To Edwin Percy Whipple this book is inscribed with admiration and gratitude." It was received with great favor. Among the notices of it is an interesting and appreciative article, by Rev. Thomas B. Fox, in the "Christian Examiner." He remarks, "These four hundred pages of descriptive discourse about 'the cathedral district of New Hampshire' contain the most elaborate attempt to picture to the mind's eye the grandeur and beauty of natural scenery which has graced our native literature. In comprehensiveness of outline, and fulness of filling up, in unity of purpose, and abundance and variety of matter, it stands alone as the most finished work of the kind, — a volume of æsthetic teaching, thus far without a rival." This production is far more than a description of the White

Hills: its rich descriptions of every variety of landscape apply to all natural scenes, and bring out their inmost meaning. There is much of himself in this volume, of his rare spiritual insight, — much of what his cultured and reverent eye saw in the beauty and the grandeur that God is creating every day.

While this volume was going through the press, Mr. King was contemplating the great change of removing from Boston to San Francisco. "He had," Dr. Bellows says, "become conscious that the strain on his powers was more than he could bear. His double profession as preacher and lecturer exacted more from his always delicate physique than it could any longer safely supply. His personal popularity, and the social attentions he received, drained still more his quick and lavish nature, always willing to do its capable part in the entertainment of all companies."* And, above all, Dr. Bellows says he needed a support by which he could be relieved from the necessity of incessant lecturing. As this became known,

* Discourse, May 1, 1864.

several societies endeavored to obtain his services, the chief of which were Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, and San Francisco. The last society was represented to be tottering. Partly to benefit the cause of the liberal gospel in California, and "partly to get rest from writing, and scattering labor," — his own words, — he was from the first inclined to accept offers made to him by the society in San Francisco. "The White-Mountain book," he writes Sept. 3, 1859, to his confidential friend, Randolph Ryer, "will be out for the holidays in good shape. It will be a beauty. . . . I have lots of news to tell you, — among other things, that I shall probably move to San Francisco." Drs. Putnam, Peabody, Bellows, and others, indorsed the call from Cincinnati, "with very urgent and wise appeals," he says; but he decided at length in favor of California, and he tendered his resignation as the pastor of the Hollis-street Society.

The society were reluctant to accept an unconditional resignation; and at length, instead, persuaded him to consider himself as their pas-

tor, and take a leave of absence for fifteen months: it being understood, that if, at any time during this period, he should decide to return to Boston, his parishioners would claim his services. These proceedings make a beautiful record of faithfulness, alike honorable to the pastor and the society.

The Hollis-street Church, on Sunday, March 25, 1860, was crowded with an eager and attentive audience, to listen to Mr. King's farewell sermon. He invited Rev. C. H. Leonard, the pastor of the Universalist Society in Chelsea, to be with him on this occasion. "I know not how I can go through with it," Mr. King said to his friend as he was about to enter the desk. "You cannot go through with it; you will be *carried* through," was the reply. This sermon was printed under the title of "Words at Parting." It is a review of his ministry of eleven years; and, if in style it bears the mark of haste, it is rich in spiritual things. The outward prosperity of the parish occupies the first portion of the discourse. "From a fragment whose very fibres were bruised," the society

became, a few years after his ministry commenced, "a strong-limbed body," and its prosperity continued. After alluding, he said, for encouragement of the society, to its outward condition, he proceeded to dwell on higher and more fitting meditations. He had ever seen in his own inner nature a reflection of the law of spiritual life; and he observed the inner life of his parish, to discern in it the marks of the ordering and outlook of the Infinite. These beautiful "Words" make a record of the inspiration which he drew from the divine that was passing before him in the ordinary, homely facts of every-day affairs. He looked upon religion, not as a thing apart from, but as incorporated with, life: it was thinking rightly, aspiring naturally, loving purely; and only the supreme heights were reached in the beauty and peace of Christian natures. This was his Christianity. He said that each life was a paragraph in its lasting evidences; each pew had supplied a chapter of the perpetual gospel; and its laws had been revealed in individual unworthiness or obedience, in individual degra-

dation or attainment. "This," he said, "is the broad foundation of the Liberal Christianity I have tried to preach, and have more and more deeply believed." And he reasoned back from right living to a concession of the vein of vital truth there is in whatever organization it is found. "Nothing but pure truth, brethren," he said, "can produce noble life;" and, as every sect produces noble lives, so the air of the Spirit bathes every party in Christendom. "The principle on which I insist," he said, "acknowledges and protects every class of believers that bears a separate name." Thus the broad views, the faith and the philosophy, which were early grasped, pervade these "Words at Parting." They are imbued with the serene spirit of Christian fellowship. As a farewell utterance, they befitted the quiet communings of the "normal" sabbath, the perfection of which is symbolized as the sweet day of Nature, —

> "So cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

The occasion attracted many who were not members of the society. One of them, in re-

marking on "this noble and manly, and yet tender and modest, review" by Mr. King of his ministry, said, that a third party might speak of the fact, "that, rapid as has been the growth of his genius as a fervid and brilliant preacher, it has been fully matched by a growth as rapid in his solid attainments as a theologian; and that his rhetoric, opulent as it is in all those picturesque images and vivid phases which seize upon the fancy, is none the less the guarded expression of a large, clear, full, and well-disciplined mind. They could say, that, excellent as were his powers of acquisition, of thought, and of speech, there was something still more excellent in the genial, loving, and cheerful spirit from which his powers derived their finest life, drew their richest aspiration, and received their noblest impulse. They could point to a long service as a Christian minister, in which the pulpit had never been controlled by the pews, and in which the pews could never complain that any opinions, however unpalatable, had ever been tainted by acrid passions unbecoming a Christian minister to feel. They

could bear their testimony, that he had always been bold and independent, and at the same time been free from the wilfulness and malignity into which boldness and independence are sometimes stung by opposition. They could appeal to thousands in proof of the assertion, that though in charge of a large parish, and with a lecture-parish which extended from Bangor to St. Louis, he still seemed to have time for every good and noble work, to be open to every demand of misfortune, tender to every pretension to weakness, responsive to every call of sympathy, and true to every obligation of friendship; and they will all indulge the hope, that California, cordial as must be the welcome she extends to him, will still not be able to keep him long from Massachusetts."

A MONTH OF INTERVAL.

IT has been seen from public recognitions, that, from the day of the ordination of Thomas Starr King at Charlestown, there was no pause in the growth of his power and reputation. He was not considered as profoundly learned; he was not regarded as a remarkable orator; he was not a great writer; nor can his unrivalled popularity be ascribed to his fascinating social or intellectual gifts. "It was the hidden, interior man of the heart, the invisible character behind all the rich possessions, intellectual and social, of this gifted man, that gave him his real power and skill to control the wills, and to move the hearts, and to win the unbounded confidence

and affection, of his fellow-beings."* He was one of the magnetic men, — a modern and Christian Alcibiades. None knew him but to love him. And to-day an Agassiz talks as lovingly of him as do the little circle of his first and constant and humble friends who caressed his bright boyhood.†

I have made a selection from the public acknowledgments of Mr. King's work, because eulogistic notices by the press, when they are just, add vastly to personal power; and it was the reports of his efforts, as far as the call was of man, that really severed his relations with the East, and raised him to the loftier stage of the West.‡ He preached his last sermon in the Hollis-street Church on the 25th of March, 1860; and his first sermon in San Francisco on the 29th of April. In this interval, when he was tried by the fire of prosperity, there are testimonials rarely seen in the career of a man of thirty-five, who filled no public office, who had only fought manfully the battle of life,

* Dr. Bellows.

† Rev. T. B. Fox in the "Christian Examiner." ‡ Ib.

and who had aimed to do his best in meeting the duties of the hour.

The large-hearted society of Hollis-street Church, besides presenting him with a handsome sum of money, gave him a Farewell Festival at Nassau Hall, which was tastefully decorated with flowers for the occasion. There was a profusion of them where the pastor and his wife stood to receive their friends. It was the fullest social gathering there had been of the society, and many presented beautiful bouquets. There was an entertainment; but no speeches were made. I saw him last the day before he left Boston, when he spoke in grateful terms of the bearing towards him of his society, and of the compliment he had received from New York.

This was an invitation to attend, as the principal guest, a breakfast, which the laymen of the several Unitarian churches in New York and vicinity proposed to give to their clergymen and their wives. Among the Unitarian ministers of Boston who were invited were Rev. Drs. Dewey and Hedge, who, in their replies

to invitations, dwelt on the character of Mr. King. Dr. Dewey wrote, "Among the most honored guests at your social breakfast, you have one who is leaving us for a distant shore. I wish I could speak of him as I should if he were not present with you, and could express the feeling which I entertain, on every account and in every way, of affectionate admiration for him. I know of nothing in Boston that I could more reluctantly lose from it. But I trust his way will be prosperous in his going and returning; and, if our California brothers shall receive him half as gladly as we shall welcome him back, I am sure that they and he and we shall be satisfied."* Dr. Hedge wrote, "King is with you for a parting word, and your fraternal benediction on his way. Happy soul! himself a benediction wherever he goes, benignly dispensing the graces of his life wherever he carries the wisdom of his word; a living evangel of kind affections; better than all prophecy and all knowledge. Fain would I be with you, were it only to bask yet a little in that sunny

* Letter, dated Boston, March 30, 1860.

presence, as the voyager on the first night out climbs up the rigging to catch yet one more glimpse of the parting day-star, already lost to the deck. Heaven knows how much of the sunshine of my life that Starr takes with him on his westering course! A more genial nature I have not known. He seems to me a cross between the Yankee and the Greek, uniting so much of Hellenic cheer with genuine American tact. Our Jonathan — Lycidas, so I call him — who can fill the void he leaves? May that wondrous land of his destination receive gladly, and with honor meet, 'the angel of the Church' whom Boston sends to San Francisco, — henceforth 'to our moist vows denied.' May the dwellers on the far Pacific shore know how to cherish the goodly gift which we of the Atlantic scarce know how to spare!"*

The "Unitarian-reception Breakfast," as it was called, was given at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, on Wednesday, the 11th of April. Among the three hundred at the tables were many Unitarian clergymen and prominent members

* Letter, dated Boston, April 2, 1860.

of the Boston and New-York churches. The bouquet of choice flowers before the plate of each lady, and the music of the Dodworth Band, contributed to make the re-union tasteful and brilliant. William Cullen Bryant presided; and near him were seated Mr. King, and Drs. Bellows, Osgood, and Farley, with a brilliant array of Unitarian clergymen. Dr. Chapin was invited; but he replied, that an engagement out of the city compelled him to be absent from an occasion with which his heart so deeply sympathized, and expressed the hope that it would be one of true Christian utterance and joy.

The chairman of the Committee of Arrangements (A. C. Richards, Esq.) appropriately welcomed the company, and introduced the president, who stated the object of the festival in a brief but graceful strain of remark. It was to take leave of his eloquent friend, who was going to where the fields were white to the harvest, and who brought a pair of stout reaper's arms with him. He hoped their brother and his family would have favoring gales to the

Italy of our land beyond the mountains which were our Switzerland; and he closed with this sentiment: "This social gathering of our laity and clergy, — pleasant in itself, and pleasant as a promise of frequent and genial and blessed fellowship in coming years for our churches." Rev. Dr. Osgood responded to this sentiment, and made the main speech of the festival. He was interesting and poetic. He gratefully and gracefully recognized the generosity of the laity in preparing a scene so charming, that, if Aladdin's lamp were a Christian device, it might well be believed it had been used to create it. "This plenty and hospitality," he said, "is worthy of our hospitable hosts. This hall is a fair symbol of our laity, in their whole treatment of their ministers. Here is bread enough and to spare; and these substantial viands show fitly the honorable fact, that our people do not mean, either here or elsewhere, to keep their clergy in a famishing or half-famishing condition. These lovely flowers well typify the friendly and devout sentiment that cheers our churches with its fragrance; and this sweet

music is the voice of the higher harmony that is binding our people together, and asking to rebuke the harsh individualism, and celestialize church-life into the fellowship of the Spirit." The best of all, he said, were the substantial men and women who were here seen together. He dwelt on this feature, then on the poet who presided, and but briefly on the guest, who, he said, "has been nurtured by our best thought, and who has found his best teachers in Walker's sententious wisdom and Dewey's devout eloquence." He closed in the following terms: "I commend our guest to his new work, and offer, in your name, our God-speed to him and to his family. We doubt not that the Golden Gate, that opens to admit this voyager, will receive a better treasure than they give, — a treasure of spiritual wisdom, as well as beautiful taste and genial fellowship. Such merchandise is 'better than the merchandise of silver; and the gain thereof, than fine gold.' I give this sentiment: Our principal guest, Thomas Starr King: God's blessing upon him, his family, and his voyage! We give him the

hand and the heart of our fellowship to bear with him to our brethren and our church in California."

Mr. King, in reply,* spoke naturally of his

* This speech was severely criticised by a portion of the Universalist press, and treated as though it were unworthy the character of Mr. King. Hence, though I do not aim to present his denominational or political life, yet deem it due to truth to copy here what report there is of this effort, with the remarks, 1. That on his returns from visits to New York, when he was teaching school, he was accustomed to express admiration of Dr. Dewey's discourses; and, 2. He was sensitive as to the report of his speech, the imperfect character of which, in his private letters, he deeply regretted.

"Mr President, Ladies, and Gentlemen, — One of the most distinguished essayists of New England once said, that, if any one could condense into a blow-pipe all the feelings which he felt in addressing a large company, it would melt a planet. I feel, that, could I condense but one-hundredth part of the feelings I now experience, it would melt my heart. I have often been termed a 'distinguished son of New England,' and have not always rectified the mistake; for in New England it does not bestow any particular credit on a man to be called a New-Yorker. But now, when about to leave for California, I make full confession. I am a son of New York. I did not, however, remain here long enough to become deeply corrupted; for I took my hegira, as I am informed (for I have no definite recollection of the fact), when five weeks old. But I was not only born in New York, but I may say that I had my second birth also here: for it was to this city I came, on visits to my friends, when a mere youth, and at the period when the heart is unusually open to religious impressions; and some of my earliest and deepest convictions of the truth of Christianity were gained at that time.

connection with New York; and what he said was in a strain of gratitude and of a generosity of acknowledgment that were characteristic of him. There is no stenographic report of this

"I remember when I was quite a young man, twenty years ago, going in and hearing a sermon in the Church of the Messiah; and no church in the world, not even St. Peter's, could make me believe that I was so much in the house of God, as when there listening to the beautiful sermon of Dr. Dewey, which, like distant thunder on the horizon, convinced me that I heard the voice of God. It was said, that, if Jove should come on earth to speak to men, he would speak in Homer's Greek; and so it seemed, if the Infinite himself came to speak to the children of men, he would speak in some such tones as those of Dr. Dewey. I stand to-day to speak of him and of New York, and to show that the reverence which I then felt for him has been somewhat subdued since by experiencing his friendship in Boston. My friend of the Church of the Divine Unity would no doubt remember the first sermon I preached in his church. I believe it was a very rainy night, and there were but forty-five persons present. To-day I have two places to speak of, — one is Boston; and the other the Golden Gate beyond the Switzerland of our country, as the President so well expressed it. I will only say of Boston, that, next to New York and San Francisco, Boston is the best place to live in. If we read the early history of the Church in the Acts of the Apostles, we shall see that the great cities on the sea-shore were the vital points of diffusion. Not in inland Jesusalem, but in Antioch, in Corinth, in Rome, the great work was done. In the inland cities, St. Paul only remained weeks, while in seaports his stay was for years. There is a glory in being able to shape even a single heart according to the religion of Jesus Christ: what, then, must it be to have a whole State in which to make a noble type of Christianity! I feel that I shall go to my new field weak

extempore speech, and no sketch whatever of the closing portion of it. At the end of what account there is, it is related that he "proceeded to argue eloquently in behalf of the

enough; and, before the President's poetry could be fulfilled, I know that my arms will need some gymnastic training. I know that even Aladdin's lamp could not display the scene which would be enacted, as the words of God go afar into the field of a new and vast empire of freemen. I think I ought to have the privilege of taking out some of the sermons of my brethren to that distant post of labor. I feel that I should be commissioned to speak for New York there. I would wish some sermons from Dr. Osgood, Dr. Farley, Brother Frothingham, or Dr. Bellows, so that I might say to my new flock, 'These men are preaching to you.' I would also like to have some of Brother Longfellow's inspiration, and then I might succeed. As to my prospects in California, a vast field is before me. I trust that I may, beyond the land where —

> 'Rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings,'

preach the Christian Thanatopsis, 'Whereas in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.' But in regard to the general cause, however highly we may think of the Unitarian doctrine, and however superior we may feel our simple faith to be, we are to remember that the grandeur of the Christian religion is shown in its calling into existence so many great and diverse types of excellence. There are diversities of operation, but one spirit, — not Catholic alone, or Protestant alone: there were Luther and Calvin and Wesley and Channing. It was as in literature. Once it was said there was no standard but the classic; but what shall we make now of Dante and Shakspeare? So Greek art was once pronounced to be the only true art; but what

Liberal Christianity represented by the Unitarian Church. After a beautiful tribute to Dr. Bellows, and others present, the reverend gentleman bade farewell to his friends, and concluded by offering this sentiment: 'The Liberal Christians of New York and its neighborhood, — may they support in the future, as now, the cause they advocate, and vindicate their claim to an honorable place in the Broad Church by the vigor of their faith and the riches of their Christian character!'"

Dr. Bellows, in following Mr. King, began by saying, "The speech of our friend and guest has made me feel as if I were going to California too: and, indeed, I could almost be will-

shall we make of the Gothic cathedral? All the world cannot be made after one religious type. But let each be faithful to its own calling, and grow after its own kind. But there is one method of growth to Unitarianism, perhaps, that has not been thought of. An Irishman once called on me for pecuniary aid. I questioned him, and expressed surprise that he did not go for assistance to his priest. The Irishman said he was not a Catholic, but was born a Presbyterian, and his wife was an Episcopalian; but, when they came to this country, they compromised their differences of creed, and became Unitarians. I think, that, if this would always be the result, I could truly pray that all Presbyterians and Episcopalians might be brought to live together in unity!"

ing to go in his company; for great as his loss may be to us here at the East in a denominational way, and as a brilliant and popular exponent of our Liberal Christianity, it seems just now to be still greater in a private way and as a personal friend. His genial and affectionate nature has made him so necessary to us, that we know not how to part with him. But perhaps all the more for this reason is he better fitted to go. His attaching private qualities will double his public usefulness. If we could readily spare him, he would not be so eagerly coveted; and, if he had not made it a great sacrifice for us to give him up, he would not be so precious where he is going. But really he is only following up his legitimate business in going to California. A circulating medium, widely diffused and everywhere current, ringing always true, known for genuine at every counter, and honored, no doubt, by every one of these bankers and brokers and presidents and directors I see about me, he has done as much as any one of our brethren to bring the widely scattered states, cities, villages, and ham-

lets of our Atlantic world into relations of intellectual and moral commerce with each other; and now he simply goes to extend these relations between the Atlantic and Pacific communities. What has he been about, these ten years past, but knitting together, with his genial and subtile powers, the intellectual and moral heart-strings of, may I not say, millions of hearers, to whom he has either preached Liberal Christianity, or lectured it without the name, or even the intent? For with those to whom religion is the name for the highest view of life, considered in its totality, there can be no distinction between lecturing and preaching. If the people do not object to the medicine, but only to the *label*, it is a great satisfaction that its efficacy does not depend upon its name. And now our brother is going, drawing after him all these tender affections, all this sympathetic body of 'countrymen, friends, and lovers,' — going a representative of the liberal thought and enlarged moral and religious sentiment of the great public whose ear and confidence he has so richly enjoyed and deserved,

— to the remotest part of our country, — the opposite side of our land, — to fasten the cord he has woven to the hearts of California brothers, and presently to establish a mighty and cordial bond between the liberal thinkers of the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. It is a proper, a legitimate business for him. He is made for it; and the work is both worthy, and likely to be glorious."

An interesting letter was read from Rev. R. P. Cutler, who for five years preached to the Unitarian Society of San Francisco. "I will predict for Mr. King," he wrote, "a large measure of success in his ministry there, an extended popularity, wider means of Christian usefulness, and a grander harvest from his lone and faithful toil, than he has ever yet enjoyed. He goes to a new seat of empire, — to the spot where that star which has so long wandered westward stands fixed and radiant in the heavens. He goes to a State which has inexhaustible resources in her soil, and a great future of both power and fame. He goes to a city of a marvellously rapid growth, and whose inhabitants are match-

less in energy and enterprise. He goes to a climate which is full of all health, inspiration, and vitality. He goes to a community remarkably receptive of liberal ideas in religion; and he goes to a people and a society whose arms, whose hearts and homes, are generously open to receive him."

The report of this festival occupies fourteen columns of the "New-York Christian Inquirer," which, besides the speeches and letters already named, contains sketches of the remarks made by Rev. Dr. Farley, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, and Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The "Inquirer" says it was truly a tasteful and splendid reunion, which seemed to give entire satisfaction to the company.

Abstracts of speeches are hardly objects of legitimate criticism, as opinions expressed in them may be essentially modified by words left out; and criticism on Mr. King's speech on this occasion would seem to be precluded, from the circumstance that he pronounced the report of it contained in the "Inquirer" to be inaccurate. He did not, however, make one of his

happiest efforts. His reference to Dr. Dewey was more complimentary than it was just to himself. The sentiment which he offered, embodying the main thought of his speech, is in harmony with the whole course of his life.

Cheered by substantial tokens of affection, he, with his family, embarked in the "Northern Light" for San Francisco. He had a pleasant voyage. "The last two days of the passage," he writes, "were rough; but I was not sick a minute. I wrote a sermon during the roughest swell, sitting in my state-room. I commenced at eleven in the morning, and finished at nine at night." He also kept a journal and wrote letters during the passage. He arrived at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, April 28, at San Francisco. "The parish committee," he says, "were in waiting, and told me that they had given notice that there would be no service on Sunday, supposing I would be exhausted. But I told them I was ready; and they gave a new notice in one Sunday-morning paper."

As Mr. King was on his way to California, the beautiful article on "The White Hills," in

the "Christian Examiner," written by his friend Rev. T. B. Fox, was passing through the press. "When," is its closing paragraph, "this commendation of 'The White Hills' reaches our readers, its author may be entering through the Golden Gate, — the harbor of San Francisco. Many of those readers who 'have him in their hearts' for his fervid and logical discourses on the highest themes, or for the joyous wit and wisdom of his spontaneous talk, will join in the hope we cannot forbear expressing here, that the new scene of his labors may bid him welcome, enrobed in the richest and softest hues of a Pacific sunset; an omen to his native and educated instinct for beauty of a twice-blessed Christian ministry, — none the less Christian because there will mingle with its speech and work the influence of an enthusiastic passion for the natural world, as full of manifestations of the law, the wisdom, and the love of its Creator."

FOUR YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

THOMAS STARR KING entered upon his labors in California in an unpretending way. "I shall go to you," he wrote to the Unitarian Parish of San Francisco, "in the hope of using all the powers that may be continued to me for your permanent strength as a Liberal-Christian parish. My great ambition in life is to serve the cause of Christianity as represented by the noblest souls of all the Liberal-Christian parties. I am not conscious of any gifts, either of thought or speech, that can make my presence with you so desirable as you seem to think; but if I can be of service by co-operating with you in laying deeper the foundations and lifting higher the

walls of our faith in your city, whose civilization is weaving out of the most various and in many respects the best threads of the American character, I shall have reason always to bless Providence for a rich privilege."* When he thus defined the ruling passion of his life, he indulged the hope that "he might be relieved from the detestable vagrancy imposed by his present necessity of lecturing."† I see no reason to doubt the sincerity of these words because Mr. King continued to lecture, any more than there is to doubt the sincerity of statesmen, who in their letters sigh for the repose of private life, and yet continue to fill post after post of honor. With this ambition and hope, he contemplated what proved to be his crowning service, and for which his life had been a preparation. It would require a volume to do justice to the work by which he became identified with the social, political, and theologi-

* Letter to Chairman of Trustees, Boston, Jan. 3, 1860, in the valuable address of Robert B. Swain, delivered March 15, 1864.

† Letter to Dr. Bellows, Dec 2, 1859.

cal life of California. I propose only to glance at his fields of labor, and pass to the closing scene.

Mr. King delivered his first discourse in San Francisco on the 29th of April, 1860. His countenance had an expression of surprise as he edged his way towards the pulpit along the aisle packed with the earnest, hardy, stalwart people who completely filled the church; and doubtless, as the audience saw his slender frame and youthful appearance, the feeling was reciprocated, and hundreds involuntarily exclaimed, "Is this Starr King?" He preached from the text, "And they shall come from the east and the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." His sermon more than met the expectations of the parish, and, by the warm eulogies of the secular press, created a sensation through the city. From Sunday to Sunday, from month to month, the interest which he excited continued. His subsequent discourses rather added to than took from this first impression. His feelings had been power-

fully stirred by the generous proofs of affection for him in the East, which, so far from nursing conceit, stimulated him to effort: the surpassing natural beauty and wonders of this region, as he coursed the Pacific Sea or surveyed the grand mountain-land, ministered to his religious genius; and, as he trod this cosmopolitan field in the free play of his nature, qualities came out which were unknown to his old friends, and perhaps were unknown to himself. He wove into his pulpit efforts the new impressions born of the fresh experience of the common life about him; and it is fair to presume that his utterances now attained their greatest excellence, or at least their most effective spiritual power. The noble centralisms of his theology — the paternity of God and the brotherhood of man *

* Peter Cooper, Esq., who was prominent in the Unitarian Festival, says in a letter to Dr. Bellows, printed in the "New-York Christian Inquirer," and dated April 2, 1864, "It was a firm and an all-inspiring faith in the fatherhood of God and in the brotherhood of man that made Starr King willing to labor and suffer reproach: because he believed that God will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth; feeling assured that none can resist the good pleasure of an Almighty Will."

— were well adapted to this field. A portion of his parish, some of whom had sat under his preaching at Charlestown, were in full sympathy with these views. His labors were rewarded with great success. So his professional life continued to the end.

Circumstances dissipated whatever hopes he might have indulged of being free from the lecture-room; and indeed he had accepted, before leaving Boston, a flattering invitation to deliver, before the Mercantile-Library Association, a course of four lectures, consisting of those he had delivered at the East. He thus refers in a letter to the first one: "I have written a first-rate new lecture for the opening. Subject, 'Substance and Show.' It closes with a magnificent picture of San Francisco, reclining in a sand-hill, and washing its feet of dust and fleas in the great basin which empties into the Pacific. A most eloquent passage." The others were equally original. They were delivered in the First Congregational Church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with people to hear them. Each one was pronounced a gem in its

way. The receipts were unprecedented; and, though the lecturer was liberally compensated, a handsome sum was added to the treasury of the institution. He was urged to deliver a second course; but duty to his society compelled him to decline. He lectured, however, in many places in the State and in Oregon. He wrote new lectures. One of them, on "Books and Reading," on its first delivery, struck great audiences like a series of electric shocks, and took the best of any. He thus relates personal incidents connected with the delivery of this lecture: "In my lecture on 'Books and Reading,' I made the Germans mad by alluding to a German student as a man 'whose blood was a decoction of tobacco-smoke and beer.' They pitched into me right and left. So I put a salve on their wounded feelings, in my lecture, in the Methodist Chapel, upon the fresh and refreshing topic of 'Substance and Show.' I told them that the last thing in my thought was to insult Germans as a class. Not only were German students great blessings to California, but I was a German myself! My

grandfather came straight from Saxony, full of tobacco-smoke and beer, and brought my name with him, — Thomas Starr. And then I told them that 'Starr,' in my native tongue, means 'stiff, stubborn, obstinate, and wrong-headed;' 'and,' I continued, 'so long as I bear the name, I mean to be true to it, and remain "stiff and obstinate" in my gratitude and reverence for the scholars and the service of my fatherland. And now,' said I, 'if there are any fellow-Germans here, let us mutually and cordially shake hands.' I am all right now with the Saxon brethren, and they feel very happy."

The lectures Mr. King wrote in California were pronounced to be altogether of a different order from the series that had been delivered in the East. "He availed himself of that injunction of rhetoricians, not to be too evenly excellent in your style. He polished his sentences less; he waited no longer on fine fancies; he argued more; he dropped down to good plain talk for minutes together in his addresses; and then, when his hearers were rested, he blazed out with passages that swept away all

thoughts but of the one topic that possessed him."*

The calls on him for lectures were incessant. The pioneers recognized, in this brilliant intellect, a mine, the products of which had a glitter above their fields of gold; and they were crazy to work it. Now and then, a flood would deprive them of the pleasure; but scarcely any thing else. "I am hard at work, as usual," he wrote, "but not in lecturing. There is a great flood in the interior. California is a lake. Rats, squirrels, locusts, lecturers, and other pests, are drowned out. I am a home-bird, and enjoy it hugely." And he labored in this field to the close of his life.

He was invited to labor in the wider field of the social, literary, and philanthropic organizations, which, irrespective of party or sect or position, bring the leading spirits of communities together on the plane of a common humanity. It speaks volumes for that new-formed community, that these associations were in full play in it. Mr. King complied with requests to

* "San Francisco Daily Bulletin."

speak in behalf of the Seamen's-friend Society, the Episcopal Mission Sunday School, the Dash-away Temperance Association, the Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, the Boys' Reform School, the Agricultural Society, the Masonic Relief Fund, the Ancient Order of Masons, and at a High-school Dedication. It is amusing to read his references to these occasions. Whenever there was a contribution, he thought more of the sum he got than of the word he uttered. "I am wanted," he writes in June, 1860, "for several societies in San Francisco. In fact, I am quite in demand, and am very near being 'somebody' out here. The church is still very full. Last evening I preached in behalf of the Seamen's-friend Society, and asked for a collection in aid of its treasury. We took four hundred dollars. Wasn't that good?" His utterances were ever acceptable. He had the faculty of entering with heart and discretion into a good cause. He carried his geniality of manner in private life into the forum. "There was argument in his very voice. It thrilled and throbbed through an

audience like an organ, carrying conviction captive before its wonderful melody. . . . The audience felt that he was one of them: his eye spoke eloquently of sympathy with them, and his tongue confirmed it. Even though you sat in a far corner of the room, you felt at once that he was your friend. The geniality of manner that characterized him in private life he carried upon the platform and into the pulpit."* His broad, Christian eclecticism, his unaffected catholicity, adapted him in a peculiar manner for such labors. His love was the one touch of nature that made the whole world akin. Thus, by the simple wand of unselfish service, he became a man of the people,—a king ruling over their hearts; and, to the close of his career, he remained a general favorite.

Much account is made in the San Francisco journals of the social influence Mr. King exerted. His new home was a house delightfully situated. "We are comfortably settled," he writes June 29, 1860, "in our little house; which is a gem in its way, with a superb land-

* "The Golden Era."

scape from the windows. I should be happy if we could have a call, now and then, from some of the dear friends." To another he writes, "A gem of a house, at the low rate of seventy-five dollars a—quarter? No, you fool! a month! But there's a grand mountain landscape from the parlor windows. That makes the rent cheap." One of the journals remarks, "His Friday-evening receptions will long be remembered by all who ever had the privilege of attending one. Hospitality was his delight: its exercise rendered him supremely happy. On these occasions he was radiant." The mirthful vein, in early life full and rich, kept on in an abundant flow; and, at times, he was as boyish when he was "the natural bishop of California," as when he was chief clerk of the Navy Yard. One of the tributes reads, "He was generous to a fault; giving more in private charities in one month than many men who are called liberal, who have twice his means, give in a year." In this way his social life went on to the last.

There was yet another labor which he delighted in, — that of keeping up correspondence

with his friends. His letters are voluminous; and a series, on the wonderful scenery of the Pacific, was printed in the "Boston Transcript." He had a real character; and hence life's changes and conventionalities altered nothing in him that was essential. The incense that triumphs bring did not weaken old attachments. His heart was untravelled. Its fibres stretched away to the East, and clung lovingly to early fastenings; and his letters abound in evidences of his love for friends he left behind. Those addressed to Dr. Ballou strikingly show traits of character. This benignant spirit seemed to be ever near him, "full-charactered with lasting memory." The earliest letter which I have from California is the following one from the Yo-Semite region: —

Yo-Semite Falls and Notch, July 17, 1860.

My dear Doctor, — This is Tuesday evening; and I am writing to you by camp-fire light in the great Yo-Semite Notch, where the grandeur of the Sierras seems to concentrate and knot itself, as it were. We arrived here on Sunday afternoon; and ever since I have been "on the go" among the marvels and splendors of the wondrous pass. And all the time

I have been thinking of you, — of how greatly you would enjoy the scenery, and of the immensely greater pleasure it would give me to travel with you on foot and by horse. Perhaps, however, if you were here, we should *bet;* and then, as you are so much more accomplished in faro and thimble-rigging and cribbage, and such clerical graces, no doubt *another* little paper would have to be printed, very costly to me, running, "Dic, quo pignore certes?" or something like that.

Ah, doctor! what is there not to see in this valley, in the line of majestic rock and cataract wildness? I have seen the *genius loci* to-day, sitting on an obelisk of granite (springing clean a thousand feet above the snow-line, so smooth that snow could not cling to his ashy-colored poll), and, with his finger on his nose, *looking* this query at me: "Ah, my slim chap! so you've thought the White Mountains were *some*, have you? Where's your Notch *now?* Can you call to mind those warts on Coos County, Jefferson, and Adams, that you have written so much nonsense about? *Don't* you wish you could make a bonfire of those handsome-typed books, in which you have cracked up baby-mountains as though they are full grown?" How cute and funny he looked! and how cheap I felt! But, then, there isn't room in Coos County for the Sierras; and the White Mountains are as big a dose of sublimity as the district can

stand. Alas! I didn't think of this answer till the spirit had melted off from his seat on the south dome of the valley here, — a rock 4,967 feet sheer over the plain. No; I forget: it was on the obelisk, fifteen hundred feet higher than this, that he so impudently leered at New Hampshire and its mountain-annalist.

You can have no conception of the variety and majesty of the rock-walls, cones, turrets, and domes of this valley. I supposed that grotesqueness would be the prominent characteristic of the cliffs and pillars. But the forms are very noble. Grotesqueness, or mere Egyptian mass and heaviness, is the exception, not the rule. We have persons in our party who have scoured Switzerland, and travelled extensively among the Peruvian Andes; and they say that no such rock-scenery is offered by Alps or Cordilleras.

And the waterfalls! — I have been surfeited with the beauty and wildness of them. It has been an unusually wet spring, and the falls are all in full health and glee. While I write by this camp-fire, the roar is filling my ears of the Yo-Semite Fall, — a mile distant, lovely as the comet of 1858, which it resembles in shape, — that leaps 1,497 feet in one pitch, and then instantly takes another of 462, and then a third of 518. They are all visible in one view; and a more entrancing picture it is impossible to con-

ceive. This is the fall, I believe, that —— called a tape-line, when he saw it last September. I am sorry that he could not have seen it as I have enjoyed it the last two days.

Last evening, before sunset, I visited the Bridal-veil Falls, which leap 809 feet, without a break, over a perpendicular granite wall. You see the curve aloft, as the tide pours off, at least twenty feet from the cliff; and the rainbows at he bottom would set up all France in ribbons the next year.

To-day I have explored one of the upper ravines of the valley, and have climbed above the Vernal Fall, where the Merced River, as large as the Androscoggin at Berlin, pours from a perpendicular granite rampart, 500 feet; and back of this, half a mile distant, just under an obelisk 2,000 feet sheer, the river plunges 900 feet, which is called the Nevada Fall. And the walls that enclose this water-magnificence are more grand than the White-mountain Notch.

Above the Nevada Fall I climbed 1,500 feet again, to see the snow-streaked turrets of the great Sierras. Two of the peaks visible there, and quite near, are 13,600 feet. On that path, Alpheus Bull, who is with me, killed a rattlesnake; and on that path, when we saw the gray old monarchs holding up the frost wherever it could loosen, I thought of our visit to Mount Hayes.

But the camp-fire burns low. Don't read this

scrawl for any definite information, but only as a confession of friendship, and of sorrow, that, even among such material grandeurs, I am so far from one I respect and love so deeply. Give cordial regards to all your family. Add an especially warm greeting to Mr. Tweed. We are to start in the morning for San Francisco, where I have had great and undeserved success. Yet my heart is in New England. Do write again to your constant friend,

T. S. KING.

JULY 19.

P. S. — We have left the Yo-Semite; and, after two days' ride on horseback, are at Coulterville, where I am to mail the letter. I forgot to say that I visited the mammoth trees of Mariposas the day before we reached Yo-Semite, and enjoyed a glorious afternoon-hour with the stately old conservatives. I measured one that was ninety feet in girth at the ground, and saw more than two hundred that ranged from forty to seventy-five feet in circumference. They have a tawny bark, entirely different in color from any other trees of the California forests, and look leonine in hue as well as mass. Yet how our senses fool us! I was immensely disappointed in the first view of the ninety-feet Methuselah in the Mariposas Grove, seen among such a crowd of majestic forest-senators. But yesterday I saw one

standing alone in a grove near Crane's Flat; and I said, "Here is a chap that comes up to the mark." How imposing in bulk and height he was, with his branches upstretched like a harp! I was truly overawed. Out came the tape-line. Surely he is over ninety feet! I put it around him. The fatal string showed only fifty-six.— At home, among you big fellows, *I* wasn't much: here, they seem to think I am *somebody*. Nothing like the right setting!

Again yours, T. S. K.

The following letters, containing the tenderest expressions of love and reverence, speak for themselves:—

San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1861.

My dear Doctor,—I wish you a happy New Year! "It is too late," do you say? Why, then, do you live so far from decent climates and respectable people? Surely you wouldn't have us begin our year four weeks in advance, for the sake of suiting *your* calendar on the frosty edge of notional and sectional Massachusetts!

With this note I send a draft, which, with your name on the back, will persuade a hundred dollars out of the gripe of the dragon that guards the vault of the Bank of Commerce in Boston. What do you suppose the draft is for? Perhaps to be used by you in buying something for me on commission. No.

Perhaps as a donation to Tufts College. No. Possibly to pay you for your two letters to me several weeks since. They were worth more than this draft; but, still, *No.* I am your debtor for them, and must remain so some time longer.

This draft is an offering from two or three of your friends here in my parish, to assure you of respect and sympathy, and to make you believe that they really do wish you a happy New Year, though it is rather a *dollar*-ous way of showing it. They absolutely forbid you to use the money in any other way than for your private benefit, and make that the condition of its acceptance.

You know that wise men from the East once travelled westward, to make an offering of gold as an expression of homage. The compliment has not been returned sufficiently from the West to the East. Two or three brethren here — shall I say, following the leading of a very small Starr? — have determined, on this opening of the year, to lay a slight tribute at the feet of *Eastern* wisdom and excellence, in the hope that it may be accepted as a feeble sign of their internal and *frank incense* of respect and admiration. Would that it might give you as much pleasure to receive it as it does us to send it!

Our excellent friend Alpheus Bull — a large flake of the true salt of the earth — it one of the number. And let me say that he *bows to foreordination*, with

the utmost freedom of will, in the matter of "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine." He did not believe that the affair was predestined till I read to him a chapter from the prophet *Hosea*, and emphasized a passage which took the Bull by the horns. This opened his eyes. He saw the divine decree, and the stubbornness of his will was instantly melted; and I have noticed a solemn joy in him since, which attends those who are in harmony with the great currents of Providence, and who find liberty in obedience. (Don't let —— get hold of this fact: if he does, we shall have fifty mortal columns on the simplicity and wisdom of fatalism, — the very bull-beef of metaphysics.)

I have been poorly during the autumn; but am better now, though not so strong as I used to be. At present, I am delivering doctrinal lectures on Sunday evenings to overflowing houses. We have here the tightest type of Orthodoxy, in connection with a noble large-heartedness among the people. There ought to be a strong Universalist church here; and will be, I hope, before a great while.

The State is worth fifty per cent more since the late election, and the triumph of the Lincoln ticket here. If we do not pay too large a price to keep the Cotton States in, we have a good vista now. But I fear the flimsy compromise spirit in Congress.

It is late, or rather *early;* and I must stop. Soon

I shall send you a duplicate bill, to be used if this fails to reach you; and then I shall enclose a note direct to our dear friend Tweed, to whom I now send cordial sympathy. And to you, my noble friend, and all yours, a prosperous and happy year!

Always yours, T. S. KING.

Rev. H. BALLOU, 2D, D.D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 19, 1861.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, — I promised to write you again by the *next* steamer. Well, the boat of Monday is "the next" surely. Perhaps you expected a word by the steamer of the 11th; but that was *the last* steamer. Having thus logically satisfied my conscience, I proceed.

The *second* draft goes with this note. Oh that it was a draft for a second hundred! But it isn't. It is the Siamese-twin of Draft No. 1, and will not be worth a copper sixpence if *Chang* has been honored: two bodies, but only one soul. (By the way, I wonder if Chang and Eng have two souls; and if they are stitched inseparably, like their bodies. If so, what if one should experience religion when dying, and the other not? Propose the *di*-lemma to Dr. Nehemiah. Tell him that I can't become Orthodox till my mind is relieved. It is truly a critical *juncture* with me.)

Doctor, it is the 19th of January; and such splen-

did flashes of green, warm, vital, yellowish-green, as my eye catches on smooth mountain-sides, every time I lift my eye from this paper! Warm, wet clouds are driving over the bay from the south; and the sun, pouring through the rifts, kindles up the slopes in a way to make an emerald envious. With a dozen of you out here, I could make up my mind to live in this land, or on this queer edge of it, where there is no winter and no summer. Our climate is a Yankee September stereotyped. The range in the year in this city is just about the range of that month in Boston.

I am lecturing a little. Last week I went to Marysville, and spoke two nights in an Old-school Presbyterian Church. The town is the noblest, in buildings, spirit, and surroundings, I have seen in the State. From the church-tower I saw the Sierra in saintly whiteness along a horizon-line of 200 miles, some of them 14,000 feet. They were 100 miles away, but seemed not over 30; and far on the north, 230 miles air-line, the pyramid of mighty Shasta, 16,000 feet, peeped over the dim plain, — a knob of steady flaming gold. Do come out here, and go with me to see it and Oregon. We'll go to the summit of Shasta, and laugh at Mont Blanc. I mean to. Love to everybody. Give the enclosed note to Tweed, and believe me

Yours always, T. S. K.

The hope that the climate might restore vitality to his system was the great, and perhaps the controlling, reason why Mr. King selected California as a temporary field of labor. In this he was disappointed. He writes to Mr. Ryer, July 30, 1860, "My health last week was wretched. I seemed to have some trouble in the brain. For three or four days, I could not write a word. Happily it is relieved now, and I feel quite strong in the upper story, but not so vigorous in body as I should like to. . . . On Saturday I wrote a sermon on the Yo-Semite, and its religious lessons, from the text in the sixty-first Psalm, 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' There was an immense congregation to hear it. Aisles were filled with seats, and extra settees were in all the vacant space around the pulpit." And he wrote to the same friend, Aug. 5, "It is four months to-day since we left the wharf in New York, and were borne away on the delectable 'Northern Light.' I cannot say whether it seems shorter or longer than that actual number of weeks. If I am to be absent two years, one-sixth of the

time has passed. I can't say that I look forward with jubilance to a stay here five times as long in future as I have already been; but I feel very sure that I shall not get away in less time than that. I want to see all the debt of the society paid, a new organ bought, a new church-front erected, a new parish started in another part of the city, and a good man invited and on hand to step into my foot-tracks." On the 16th of August, in a communication in writing to Mr. Swain, the chairman of the San Francisco Parish Committee, he says, "It is useless for me to shut my eyes to the fact, that I am not so well as I was when in Boston. I experience strange debility and singular pains and numbness in the brain. For writing purposes, I am nearly worthless; and the symptoms are the more serious from the fact that my father's constitution (which in most respects I seem to have inherited) snapped at about thirty-six. He was a very strong man till then; but broke thus early, was good for nothing for three or four years, and died at forty-one." He adds, "If I shall not grow stronger

this fall and winter, I must return East next spring, to stop all ministerial work, — perhaps to cease all work on this planet." He says that he had no fear of death; and, but for his anxiety for his family, he would be glad to enjoy the perpetual rest which could only be found beyond the grave. Mr. King had the presentiment, when he resided in Boston, that he should not live to see his fortieth birthday; and this lingered in his mind. Soon after the date of this letter, he had another severe illness. "I preached," he writes Sept. 20, "last Sunday, all day; was taken ill on Monday, worse Tuesday, managed to speak at a high-school celebration yesterday, and to-day am down with chills and fevers." On the 17th of December, he wrote to Mr. Ryer, "Randolph, I have passed meridian. It is after twelve o'clock in the large day of my mortal life. I am no longer a young man. It is now afternoon with me; and the shadows point backward towards the east, though not yet towards the Eastern States. I am thirty-six years old to-day; and it is the twelfth anniversary of

our marriage. So I send you a salutation by overland mail."

His labor in the line of his profession was more than successful, — it was triumphant. Statistics as to the number of pews purchased by individuals, the amount of debt paid off by his parish, and the continued interest in his preaching, gratifying as they are, give quite an inadequate idea of the influence he was exerting on the community. It was such, that, when the first year of his engagement expired, he could not regard his mission in California as fulfilled; and he agreed to remain another year. He wrote to this effect to his Hollis-street Society. He said to a friend, that he had a desire "to preach the liberal gospel all over California and Oregon. . . . The field," he wrote March 20, 1861, "is great here, the work is hard, the attractions are another way; but Providence seems to keep the path open for one year more of labor on the edge of all things."

The Providence of the civil war now offered another field of labor. Very early he had sympathies and enthusiasms in the political line,

but never entered the arena of party: he continued to have them during his ministry. Yet, whatever may have been his individual preferences, he wrote, when the Presidential campaign of 1860 was pending, "I have not felt the first stir of an emotion in politics in this campaign: I shouldn't know there is a campaign,"— so engrossed was he with the ambition of his life. This state of mind, however, changed into a feeling of the liveliest interest as it became too evident that things were changing from an ordinary question of party into a vital struggle for the national unity. In the awful face of the Rebellion, he read the look of a mighty historic hour. "What a year to live in!" he writes; "worth all other times ever known in our history or in any other." The thought was inspiration. As the theme of country took possession of him, he felt a new power. His doubts of a capacity for extempore speech went to the winds, and he rose to be a great orator, — just what his friends fifteen years before said he could be if he willed it. Like Cœur de Lion, he wielded a heavy mace, and hit hard;

and the ring of his strokes on the anvil of the public mind was clear and loud and telling. "Taking the Constitution and Washington for his text, he went forth appealing to the people."* As he spoke on "Webster and the Constitution," "Lexington and the new Struggle for Liberty," "Washington and the Union," —the titles of his political addresses,—his magnetic eloquence swept every thing before it. He elaborated over this region the formula of freedom, which, fourteen years before, he analyzed with philosophical insight at the base of Bunker Hill.† He exposed the fatal heresy of Secession. He repelled the incipient suggestion of a Pacific Republic. He enforced the paramount duty of the hour to stand by the American Union; for whatever of theory, of party, of personal ambition, or of prejudice, in this great hour, may have to pass away, it seems to be the will of the American people that the grand inheritance of the fathers of the Republic shall not pass away. He was now accepted as a representative man,—as an American patriot.

* Mr. Swain's Address. † See page 91.

His calls to speak were numerous, and his labor was immense. He found the Union sentiment strong everywhere. It was strong in San Francisco. "It is lucky," he writes, "I am sound on the Government question; for, ten days ago, the people mobbed a suspicious, half Union, half Jeff. Davis, Southern minister, on Sunday, and warned him not to preach in San Francisco again." It was strong in the interior. "To-night," he writes from Yreka, "I am to speak in a village with the sweet name of Deadwood, and to-morrow at the very important and cultivated settlement of Rough and Ready. Scott's Bar wants me; Horsetown is after me; Mugginsville bids high; Oro Fino applies with a long petition of names. Mad Mule has not yet sent in a request, nor Piety Hill, nor Modesty Gulch; but doubtless they will be heard from in due time. The Union sentiment is strong; but the Secessionists are watchful, and not in despair."* It is not my

* Mr. King writes as to California, Jan. 31, 1861, "California is but slightly affected yet by the panic and the fright: we shall adhere to the Northern Confederacy." Oct. 31, 1861, "The State is safe against Southern tampering."

purpose to write a history of his political career. Suffice it to say that his labor was untiring. "I should be broken down," he writes in the midst of his engagements, "if I had time to think of how I feel; but I don't." And so this service for country continued to the end!

During this year, Mr. King lost his friend Dr. Ballou;* and in transmitting, Dec. 2, 1861, a sum of money to his widow, he wrote, "This amount was contributed by a few friends of your noble departed husband in this city, as a very slight expression to you of our sympathy,

* Hosea Ballou, 2d, was born Oct. 18, 1796, in Guilford, Vt. His grandfather was a brother of Hosea Ballou. Dr. Ballou in early life laid the foundation of a profound scholarship in large classical attainments. About 1815, he was settled as pastor of the Universalist Church in Stafford, Ct.; and, in 1821, in Roxbury, Mass., where he resided seventeen years. He was an intimate friend of Thomas F. King, whose keen appreciation of the humorous elicited from Dr. Ballou letters and other things, full of wit and humor, which Mr. King was accustomed to read in private circles. Mr. Ballou, while living here, published "the Ancient History of Universalism;" an admirable work, in the very spirit of a true history. He edited Sismondi's "History of the Crusades," and was the editor of the "Expositor and Universalist Review." In 1838, he removed to Medford, Mass.; and here he edited the "Universalist Quarterly," to which Mr. King became, from 1845, a voluminous contributor. Mr. Ballou, in 1845, received from Harvard College the degree of D.D.; and, in 1853,

and a poor tribute from our respect and affection for him. I wish to confess to you how deeply I feel his removal from us. He was very dear to me. From boyhood I have looked up to him with reverence, and in manhood I loved him as deeply as my father did. He was one of the world's true men. The inheritance of his memory is a rich benefaction to his family, and I rejoice that I can mourn with you as one who knew him. The prospect of meeting him again in Boston has been one of the joys which I have foretasted often; but now it is one of the attractions of the world to come, that it holds a friend so precious and so true."

Mr. King's pastorship was prosperous. "Our parish," he writes Nov. 2, 1861, "is strong and healthy. I am doing very little extra work the last few weeks. I am about commencing a series of lecture-sermons on the Book of Job."

was appointed the President of Tufts College, which was now established, and in which he was Professor of History and Intellectual Philosophy. After a tour in Europe, he entered, in 1855, upon the discharge of his duties. It is but simple justice to say, that all connected with this infant institution had towards him feelings of love and veneration. He was "one of the world's true men." He died April 27, 1861.

He now became convinced that it would be impossible to leave San Francisco at the conclusion of his second year; and, in a frank and grateful communication to the Hollis-street Society, he resigned his position as its pastor.* As the new year came in, he was in fine spirits. "I never wrote so much," he says in January, 1862, "in any former year as this last year, and yet am very strong. I grow old in looks, and am getting gray, but am feeling well." Some of his friends mentioned in the papers his name for senator; and he wrote, "There is some talk of making me senator; but I would swim to Australia before taking a political post." His letters dwell on the concerns of his parish; and it rejoiced his heart to enumerate the active benevolence that graced its rare prosperity.

The second anniversary of the commencement of his ministry in San Francisco came

* I am indebted to Warren Sawyer, Esq., long a confidential friend of Mr. King, the Chairman of the Hollis-street Society, and named by Mr. King as one of his executors, for the free use of the letters which were addressed to him from California, covering the whole period of Mr. King's labors in that State; also for copies of Mr. King's communications to the Hollis-street Society. The one alluded to in the text is in the Appendix.

round four weeks after the birth to him of a son. The spring was backward; but loving hands literally robed the church, on this Sunday, with flowers. Roses draped the pulpit, hung in festoons and wreaths on the chandeliers, and were arranged in a mound on the communion-table; wreaths hung between the windows; on the gallery, in large letters of roses and green, were the words "April Twenty-Ninth, 1860;" over him, on the wall, was a cross of lilies; and the arch under which he stood, of twelve feet span, was covered with calla lilies and green. He delivered an appropriate anniversary-discourse. There was a Sunday-school festival in the evening. He arranged a service, to which the children, who occupied the wing-pews, beautifully responded. A hundred of them, of eight years old and under, went to the pulpit, and received from the pastor an exquisite bouquet; when he read and handed to each a scriptural motto, written by him, with his autograph, on a small note-sheet. Though the church was crowded, — hundreds being unable to get in, — there was

almost breathless silence, except when the pastor said something pleasant to a child, which caused a smile and a rustle. Mr. King writes, "The closing singing of 'Hail, Columbia!' was tremendous."

The letter which contains this remark has the following: "We are talking of a new church, larger and nearer to the centre of the city. Next week will decide, I think, whether or not the movement will be made. I dread the work and the new fetters to this longitude; and yet I *should* like to plan and paint one church, and wafer my name to it. Leisure and rest, I fear, will not come to me this side of the grave." This was his project. He set his heart upon the enterprise; and, before it was undertaken, he pledged his energies to aid it, and headed the subscription-list for it. He writes, "My own thousand I have pledged; but that will be the smallest portion of my work. I mean to raise an organ besides by lecturing, and superintend plans and work, and keep up the zeal to the paying point, if the work is undertaken." At length, the parish, which two years before

had been considered to be tottering, concluded to build a costly church.

Months elapsed before this enterprise was matured. In the interval, Mr. King, with characteristic zeal, labored for the sick and wounded soldier by promoting subscriptions to the Sanitary Commission. The cheerfulness with which the people everywhere pour forth money out of the impulse of grateful hearts, in all the States, for this noble object, is a proud record for American humanity. It was thus in California. Starr King was now a power in the State: eyes naturally turned to him as an exponent of such a cause; and he never grew weary in speaking in its behalf. The coincidences in this life are remarkable; and it happened that one of the earliest clerical brethren in New York to take him kindly by the hand, Dr. Henry W. Bellows, was the official channel through which the magnificent contributions, made by California to the Sanitary Commission, reached their object. "Very busy," he writes Oct. 10, 1862, "I am at work, and speaking for the fund for wounded soldiers much of my time.

We have already sent two hundred thousand from our city to Bellows, and many thousand from the State." And he writes glowingly of the prospects of future contributions. He was engaged in this magnificent labor when he died.

His private letters show how, in the midst of such labor, he watched the progress of the new church. At length, on the 3d of December, 1862, the corner-stone of the splendid edifice in Geary Street was laid. The day was perfect. A great gathering of friends stood an hour, during the ceremonies, with uncovered heads, in the open air, needing neither overcoat nor shawl, as they hung on the eloquent words of their pastor, whose utterance was full of joy and of faith. The occasion passed off happily. His letters, as he watched narrowly, and at times impatiently, the progress of the work, chronicle its vexations as well as its triumphs.

A year was to elapse between the laying of the corner-stone and the dedication; and, during the interval, Mr. King met cheerfully the

calls that were made upon him. He spoke eulogies on the gallant dead whose life went out for their country. He gave the God-speed to the soldier, as his face was turned to the battle-field. "We send on by this steamer," he writes to his sister Angela, Dec. 9, 1862, "our cavalry corps of one hundred picked and splendid men for the Boston quota. They attended our church last Sunday, and I gave them a *charge*. Last night I spoke to them in their drill-room. To-night the citizens give them a promenade concert in our largest hall, and I have written a letter to be read. To-morrow night they have a theatre-benefit. If you can see them in Boston, don't fail. I lectured once here also for their benefit, and obtained five hundred dollars. They are noble fellows. So is Master Frederick, who is a good cavalry soldier in his father's fort. He is supremely happy when he rides in that way a-straddle. Joy runs out of his eyes." He did this year a herculean work for the Sanitary Commission. He writes, November, 1863, "I have been very busy organizing a new subscription to the Sanitary Fund." To promote

the objects of that commission, he spoke in the principal places in California, visited Oregon, traversed the Nevada and Washington Territories, and went even to Vancouver; and, wherever he spoke, the people, in response to his appeals, generously poured forth their money.

He seemed to be conscious that he was making a heavy trial of his frail frame. "The next four months," he wrote June 25, 1863, "will try my constitution more than any similar period of my life." He was faithful to the work of his parish, and untiring in his labor for the church. His ideal was a structure which should be an ornament to the city, an honor to his society, and a type of the cause of Liberal Christianity in this region; and, as he saw his ideal becoming an embodiment, he could hardly have written more lovingly had he been conscious that he was beholding what was to be a stately mausoleum over his dust. He called the church his monument! He looked forward to its completion as to be such an event in his life, that, when his eyes should see it, he would be

ready to sing the *Nunc dimittis* of Simeon. He wrote to Randolph Ryer, "If this project, which is my own, goes through smoothly, I shall have done my work here:" to his mother, "I call it my monument; and I hope it will be paid for, as I should hate to have my monument mortgaged or sold under the hammer:" to his sister Angela, "As soon as it is paid for, I shall think that my mission is accomplished in California, and shall be ready to surrender the driver's seat, the reins, the horses, and the carriage, to a new and stronger arm:" to S. P. Dewey, "When all is done, I shall be ready to drop into my grave. I fear that it is not written in the book of Providence, that I shall visit Europe." The presentiment is remarkable. That which was nourishing his spirit was consuming its earthly casket. He was in reality saying,—

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold;
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black Night doth take away;
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie;
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by." *

The new church was substantially finished by Christmas. Mr. King writes of it to his mother,† "It is the most beautiful building in the interior, for ordinary congregational worship, that I ever saw. There are two hundred and eighteen pews in it; and we cannot now supply the demand for seats. It will hold nearly fifteen hundred persons. The building is lighted from

* The Chairman of the Parish Committee, in writing of his labors in behalf of the new church, says, "How well he succeeded for *us*, let this magnificent edifice, so beautiful, so tasteful, so grand, attest. What was the result to *himself*, *let that grave answer*. For I solemnly believe, that to his devoted care and anxiety and toil, in the erection of this building, may be attributed much of that physical debility which undermined his constitution, and shortened his days. He gave us the church with his life." — *Address*, p. 13.

† I am indebted to Mrs. Susan M. King, Mr. King's mother; his aunt, Miss Sarah E. Starr, the thorough teacher of the German language; his sister, Miss Angela King, whose beautiful readings are so acceptable to the public, — for files of letters of Mr. King from an early date, from which citations have been made in these pages.

the ceiling chiefly, through windows set in superb panels. Each window contains the figure of a Greek cross in colors. The pulpit wall is divided into three splendid arches, with recesses: in the centre one, the pulpit; at the right of the pulpit, the organ and the choir seats; at the left of the pulpit, a baptismal font, elaborately carved, with a spire of carved black-walnut rising over it thirty feet. The side galleries end before reaching the pulpit wall; and between the end of the galleries and the pulpit arches, on each side, is a magnificent stained-glass Gothic window. Over the back of the gallery are three other round arches with recesses. In the centre is a wonderfully noble rose window, twenty-one feet in diameter, of stained glass; in the other two, Gothic windows, also of stained glass. We have a wing-building with beautiful parlor-rooms for sewing-circles and meetings, and a Sunday-school chapel in it that will hold three hundred. There is a new organ, built here for the church, costing thirty-five hundred dollars in gold. That is my gift to the society." It was decided

not to sell the pews to individuals, but to pay for the building by subscription, and rent them annually. They were rented for one year for twenty thousand dollars in gold, and the plate collections were estimated at five thousand; which would be the largest sum realized in a single society from the operation of the voluntary principle in support of religion — which may be termed the American principle — there is on record. "All our friends," Mr. King says, "are very happy, and not a little proud, over our success."

The day of dedication — Sunday, Jan. 10, 1864 — was a sacred festival to the pastor and the society. The church was crowded. The order of services consisted of a voluntary; a chant; three original hymns; the prayer of dedication; *Te Deum;* Scripture lesson; letters from Rev. Messrs. Chaney and Alger, Drs. Hedge and Dewey; and an address by the pastor. The last original hymn, by Mrs. E. A. S. Page, was the following: —

"O God! ere heaven and earth were planned,
Adoring silence worshipped thee:

Now the vast universe doth stand
The temple of thy majesty.

Its walls are wrought of sapphire bright;
Its countless spires are starry flame:
Suns on the boundless ether write
The sovereign beauty of thy name.

An earthly temple, by thy grace,
This day we dedicate to thee:
Deign to make here thy dwelling-place,
O Thou that fill'st immensity!

Fold us beneath thy sheltering wings,
As here we worship at thy shrine:
Ours be the peace thy presence brings,
The glory and the praise be thine."

The service was impressive. "Many eyes," Mr. King says, "moistened with my own, as gifts were announced and words were read to the congregation from Eastern friends, and especially from the Hollis-street Church." This crowning scene, symbolic of the ripened grain of the brave sower, was the complement of a morning consecration to a worthy ambition. Pastor and society looked forward, with faith as well as hope, to a brilliant future of labor for the Master's cause and kingdom in their new home. Mr. King wrote to the Hollis-street Society, "May another year, if I am to live, offer

me the privilege of thanking you and our brothers of your fellowship within the dear old church for their and your remembrance and love!"

His letters to the East contain tender expressions of love for New England, for Massachusetts, for Boston, and for old friends. California, he said, "was very kind; but it was not New England." Massachusetts was the only place for him to live in. "My heart belongs to Boston more than to any other city or climate;" and he was homesick for the East. In a letter to a former associate in the naval office, he refers to his navy-yard life, and sends the warmest regards to some "whose faithfulness in past days was not forgotten." His last letters are in a cheerful vein. If he had a presentiment amounting to conviction of an early death, still hope was the ruler of his spirit; and, while he was ready to die, he was preparing to live. He reflected that his life since boyhood had been one of great toil. He had looked forward to each year as a season of rest; when there came instead new calls, new re-

sponsibilities, and new labors. He now hoped for a respite from his severe activities. His plans for the future embraced a residence in Germany for educational purposes; then a retreat to his old home for quiet academic pursuits; and then a realization of the ambition of his early days, — the construction of a work on philosophy. Short-sighted man would say,—

"Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth!
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!"

THE CLOSING SCENE.

THOMAS STARR KING looked grandly in life as he moved along with ease, grace, and greatness. "I should be very desirous to do perfectly whatever I undertook," he wrote to a friend. Fidelity to duty has been termed a characteristic of the Germanic race. In his life, this is triumphant as a ruling principle. It appeared in bud and blossom in the endeavor to do his best as the pupil, the shop-boy, the teacher, and the accountant; and it was seen in rich fruit and harvest in the pastor and the man. He was true to himself, — to his finer and nobler instincts, — to the dignity of his nature. He was the idol of a happy home, the centre of a beautiful hospitality,

the light and life of a large religious society; and was successful in the great ambition of his life, to be a preacher of the liberal gospel. He was zealous in the social and intellectual activities which are bounded neither by party nor sect, but which embrace all in their fold. He was a leading spirit in the cause of the soldier. He was the foremost citizen of a great State. He was the Christian patriot, full of soul-power for country. He was a force in the community by virtue of the sovereign sign-manual of American manhood.

His heart was far away from the field of his labor. "Oh that I could fly to Boston! but this is my post of duty," he writes; and thus a sense of duty, impelling him to self-denial for his work's sake, kept him to his post. He was busy with plans for the future; devising new ways to interest and benefit his society, and preparing for another campaign into the interior of the country in aid of the Sanitary Commission. As this soldier of the Cross, wearing the breastplate of righteousness, stood in the new temple of the Most High, its lines

of beauty seemed to be smiles of joy. He preached a few Sundays in this noble sanctuary. He spoke from the text, "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." He announced for the next sabbath the first of a series of evening vesper-services which he had arranged; and he remarked, in view of the preparation he had made, that this promised to be the most interesting exercise of the day. Man proposes: God disposes.

Mr. King said, on Friday, Feb. 26, 1864, in answer to friendly inquiry in the street, that he was unwell, had aching bones, a sore throat, and felt like a sponge squeezed dry; and he was uncommonly sad and thoughtful. He expressed fear and regret that he might not be able to preach on Sunday, and more especially on account of the peculiar service that had been announced. He went to a social meeting of his society, but returned home that evening a sick man. He was about the house the next day; though, as evening came on, he was too unwell to meet a few friends who were expected at tea, and retired to rest.

At the supper-hour, however, a bridal-party came in, who had set their hearts on having him perform the ceremony; when, on being informed of this, Mr. King, in his characteristic spirit of duty and self-denial, rose from the bed, came down, and complied with the request. Then, exchanging a few pleasantries with his friends, slowly and with a tired air he went up stairs to his room. He had the diphtheria. It was announced on Sunday that he was too ill to conduct the services; which was the first intimation to many of his society that he was sick.

On Monday and Tuesday, medical treatment seemed to be successful in overcoming the disease: but overwork had exhausted the vital energies of his constitution; and, on Wednesday, his extreme prostration created alarm. On Thursday, dyspnœa, or difficulty of respiration, supervened. About sunrise on Friday, it was too evident that the angel of death was near. He had a second attack of dyspnœa. His physician, Dr. Echel, before this said that he feared his patient could not survive another

attack; and, when this occurred, Mr. King asked, "What is this? — is this dyspnœa too?" when Dr. Echel replied that it was. "Can I survive it?" Mr. King asked calmly, looking at the doctor; when Dr. Echel answered that he thought he could not. — "How long can I live?" Mr. King asked. "Not half an hour." was the reply. "Are you sure I cannot live longer than that?" Mr. King asked; when the doctor replied, "that he feared he could not." * He was now free from suffering, and in the full possession of his faculties; and no vain wish or unmanly repining followed this solemn conversation. His whole life had been "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust." "Not my will, but Thine, be done," had been the habitual expression of his recognition of and resignation to Divine Providence; and he calmly and lovingly proceeded to take the cup which his heavenly Father presented.

* This conversation is given in the San Francisco Bulletin, and is tacitly confirmed by a note from Dr. Echel, who requested the editor to substitute "dyspnœa" for the word "pneumonia," as was first printed. See also Mr. Swain's Address.

Friends now asked him if he had any thing to say; and he replied, "Yes, a great deal to say. I want, first, to make my will." For two days, he had not been able to speak in a tone above a whisper; but his voice, responding to the power of his will, came back, and he spoke nearly as loud as ever. He dictated the will to his friend Mr. Swain, who sat by the bedside: to which, as each paragraph was read, he said, "All right;" and at the end said, "It is just as I want it." He then hesitated, and said, "Add that all other wills are hereby revoked: you know I have another will in Boston." He was now raised in bed; and, with a book for a desk, he affixed with a steady hand his signature, "Th: Starr King," thus punctuating the abbreviation, and putting beneath it a curvature. This effort was followed by a few minutes of exhaustion; when smilingly he began to bid good-by to friends, who, one after the other, went to the bedside. To one he said, "Good-by, colonel!" and, taking him with both hands, added, "God bless you!" "Good-by, Sarah!" he said to a domestic: "I

thank you for all you have done for us." To the nurse he said, "Good-by, Kathleen! — take good care of Fretzie." He whispered to his wife, "Be sure and tell Dr. Echel, I think he has done every thing a human agent could do." And he said to her, "Do not weep for me. I know it is all right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. It is strange! I feel all the privileges and greatness of the future." He expressed his wishes as to his manuscripts, and spoke freely of family affairs. "I see," he said to another, "a great future before me. It already looks grand, beautiful. I am passing away fast. My feelings are strange." His wife asked if he had any special message to his friends at home. "Tell them," he said, "I went lovingly, trustfully, peacefully." In a few moments, he said, "To-day is the 4th of March: sad news will go over the wires to-day." The chairman of his parish committee now approached his bedside; and he said, "Good-by, Swain! — keep my memory green. I wish you to say to my society, that it is my

earnest desire that they pay the debt upon the church, and not leave the burden to be carried by my successor. I had rather they would do this than erect a tombstone at my grave. Let the church free of debt be my monument: I want no better. Tell them these were my last words, and say good-by to all of them for me."

For a moment he was quiet, and seemed to be sleeping. "Are you happy?" he was asked; when, turning his head, and looking at the questioner with bright, full eyes, he gave the sublime answer, "YES, HAPPY, RESIGNED, TRUSTFUL." He now calmly and thoughtfully repeated the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd;" and as he went through, with emphasis, the verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," his voice thrilled with emotion; and he raised his eye and finger, as if in the pulpit, at the words, "I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." His little son was now brought to the bedside. "Dear little fellow! he's a beautiful boy," he

said; and he kissed his hand to the child as the nurse carried him away in her arms. He now breathed slower and slower; closed his eyes; and, without a struggle or a pang, the spirit which reached out in childhood's prayer passed on to its rest in the bosom of the Infinite. Witnesses of the solemn scene remark, that no pen, no tongue, not even an angel's, can describe the sublimity of this triumphant death.

"A great and good and generous man is dead," are the simple words of the journals in relating the scene and the event. Their mourning columns, their generous tributes, their record of what was said and done in memory of the departed, is a faithful, and will be an enduring mirror, reflecting the general and deep sorrow, the passion, and the pathos of the public grief. Before this mysterious open grave, party names were powerless to divide the Christian world; and from every organization the expression was spontaneous, full, and noble. The like is only seen when the public benefactor passes on to live and to speak as an immortal.

The day appointed for the funeral service (Sunday, the 6th of March) dawned bright and beautiful. The sun shone in unclouded splendor. The surface of the Bay of San Francisco was unstirred. The breeze was hardly sufficient to ruffle the innumerable flags which hung at half-mast all over the city and the shipping in the harbor. Though Nature was thus smiling, the faces of the people wore the sad expression there is in the time of calamity. The remains of the deceased pastor were lying in state on the altar at which he had ministered, with a chaplet of spring violets on his breast, and in the midst of the rarest flowers which loving hands could gather. The national flag, dressed with crape, draped the pulpit, and hung in folds above the casket. Wreaths of Egyptian lilies, waxen-white, hung in festoons around the church. For three hours, — from nine o'clock until twelve, when the doors of the church were closed, — a continuous stream of people passed round the aisles to look for the last time on the deceased, on whose countenance a smile still lingered.

Though the desire was generally expressed by societies and the people to join in a testimonial of respect, there was no procession. At the afternoon hour fixed for the burial, every stand-point was taken in the streets, windows, and balconies, from which a glimpse could be obtained of the church; and some of the adjacent roofs were covered with people.* The members of the Unitarian Society, the state and city officials, and the friends, passed through a military guard to the side-door, and thence into the church. When the main entrance was thrown open, the spacious building was filled to its utmost capacity. The mass of people outside stood uncovered during the ceremonies. The ritual of the Masonic order was then repeated; its chaplain, Rev. Alfred B. Kittredge, reading the twenty-third Psalm. As minute-guns were fired by the direction of the national authorities, and as the organ sounded a requiem, and the choir chanted the chorus, the

* I am indebted to Mr. William F. Stevens of San Francisco for copies of the journals of that city which contain accounts of the death and funeral of Mr. King.

body, wrapped in the national flag, was lowered into the vault beneath the altar by the brethren of the craft. A San Francisco journal says, "When the tomb was closed, the throng began to disperse from the resting-place of one who was perhaps more deeply beloved by a vast majority of our people than any other who has lived and toiled and died among us." Only the language of the place and the time can do justice to the love and gratitude that strewed flowers on this grave. "He sleeps the sleep of the just," it was said; "but his name is indelibly written upon the State of his adoption, — not in letters of gold, to be blent and lost with ten thousand other names; not in characters of what he brought out of it, but of what he brought into it, planted in it, and made to spring up an eternal autograph. Farewell to thee in bodily form, great and gentle soul! Farewell to thee, most eloquent, most pure of heart, most joyous of nature! We will not mourn for thee as lost: —

> We only know that thou hast gone
> From God's own hand to God's own hand.'"

On the evening of this burial scene on the Pacific shore, the Charlestown Society held a commemorative service, which was announced when the telegraph communicated the intelligence of the death of their former pastor. The meeting was large, attentive, and sympathizing. On the spot where the manly struggle for culture began, and the ambition to be the Christian minister grew, learned and eloquent divines paid touching tributes to the beautiful life which had received its crowning. In the congregation were the companions of his boyhood, his former pupils, his early friends and parishioners, who saw the purity and brilliancy of his youth, and felt the magnetic power of his manhood; and the deep feeling evinced, as they listened to the exercises, the prayer and speech and dirge and written word, attested the hold which he retained on their affection.* It was

* The church in Charlestown in which Mr. King preached was then undergoing repairs; and the use of the Harvard Church (Unitarian) was promptly tendered by Rev. Dr. Ellis, who is the pastor of this society. Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Ellis, Rev. Charles H. Leonard, Rev. Dr. Bartol, Rev. Dr. Hedge, and Rev. Thomas B. Thayer. The entire service gave uncommon satisfaction to the friends of Mr. King.

an appropriate Christian service, done in love, and at nearly the hour when all that was mortal of Thomas Starr King was committed to the earth.

At the time of this testimonial, little more was known than that the pastor was dead, and that he was "happy to go." In a month, full accounts were received of the event. Then the Hollis-street Society held a similar memorial service.* Their church was crowded. The vesture in which the deceased had preached lay on the pulpit; on which, and on the font in front, were wreaths of flowers. The choir chanted the Psalm which the dying pastor repeated; selections of Scripture were read; prayer was

* The service at Hollis Street was on Sunday evening, April 3, 1864. The exercises were similar to those in Charlestown, consisting of reading selections of Scripture, and prayer, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Chaney; singing by the choir; and elaborate addresses by Rev. Edward E. Hale, Edwin P. Whipple, and Rev. Dr. Chapin.

The "Evening Transcript" of April 4, 1864, contains a full report of the beautiful addresses made on this occasion. Its editor, Daniel H. Haskell, Esq., was a warm friend of Mr. King; and I am indebted to his courtesy for the use of a scrap-book containing Mr. King's letters to this journal, and other favors.

offered; and tributes were uttered in calm, well-chosen, and beautiful words. The service was simple and impressive. "The large assembly separated, feeling that the tributes to the departed had been strictly just; fitly commemorating his commanding and manly career, and also those traits of his character which mark the inner life of the Christian.

'Let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but Heaven, and in the book of Fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.'"

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

LETTER OF MR. JOSHUA BATES ON MR. KING'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, — In a recent conversation relating to our mutual friend, the late Rev. T. Starr King, you requested me to furnish you with some reminiscences of the school-days of that most remarkable and gifted man. I most cheerfully comply, not only from my sincere love of the man, but also from the consideration that some impressions I may communicate will be an incentive to the young to imitate, at least in some degree, his virtues; and to be cheered on to duty by the example of a life of such singular purity and simplicity, activity and usefulness.

I well remember the first entrance of that interesting boy, T. Starr King, to the school under my

charge: his gentleness of manner, his beaming eye, his expressive face, his whole bearing and demeanor, come up with all their freshness in delightful remembrance. He immediately impressed me as a lad of uncommon promise; and so soon did he give evidence of superior endowments, that I at once took the liveliest interest in his success. I soon found that his mind grasped and comprehended with wonderful acumen every subject presented to his consideration. As a scholar, young as he was, he took the foremost rank in a class of lads remarkable for talent, and many of whom have in later years held important positions in civil and political life.

His recitations in the English department were remarkably clear and methodical; showing such a grasp of mind in expression of thought, as at once conveyed the impression of maturity in mental acquisition far beyond his years.

In the classics he excelled. For accuracy of translation and beauty of diction, I have never known his superior in the schoolroom. His confidence, his self-possession, sweetness of voice, and beauty in translating, always gave a charm and freshness to his lessons. Often, as I remember his recitations in Cicero and Virgil, have I called to mind a remark made by my late venerated father, in speaking of the celebrated Buckminster, his college classmate, — that, on the morning of examination for admission

to Harvard College, young Buckminster, a lad of thirteen years, arose for his examination; and with such freedom of translation, beauty of language, richness in intonation of voice, accomplished his allotted task, that professor and pupils were completely entranced in wonder and delight.

In composition, I think I can truthfully say, I never had a pupil his equal; one so systematic and methodical in logical conclusions, in vigor of thought, and choice selection of language for the illustration of any subject given out for his investigation. Among the many themes assigned to him on different occasions, I well remember one on the "Character of Washington," first written in English, and then transposed into Latin, when he was only about thirteen years of age. So favorably did this impress me, that I took occasion to hand it to two distinguished scholars for perusal; both of whom pronounced it a remarkable production for one so young.

His declamations were always given with much accuracy, force of expression, sweetness and clearness in articulation, and in an impressive and graceful manner. Many, in later years, who have heard him in the lecture-room and the pulpit, have noticed and been delighted with that eloquence in matter, and style of delivery, which so often gave such peculiar charm and fascination to all his declamatory exercises in the schoolroom.

The chief and distinguishing characteristic, however, of his school-life, consisted in his sincerity, purity of heart, honesty of purpose, and uniformly gentlemanly deportment. I can call to remembrance no act or word in his school-days to censure or disapprove. Always cheerful, industrious, and conscientious, he left no duty unperformed, but lived up to all the requirements of the schoolroom with the most scrupulous exactness. I always felt that I had at least one pupil whose whole influence was on the side of nobleness, justice, and truth; and whose example in all respects, by the wayside, on the playground, and in the schoolroom, was exerted in sustaining and upholding wise and judicious regulations; which to every teacher is a source of unmingled pleasure. Dr. Arnold, the late celebrated teacher of the Rugby School, said, that, when his pupils went with him in heart and influence, there was no post in England he would prefer to the one he occupied. If our departed friend had been a member of his distinguished school, I venture nothing in asserting that no one of his pupils would have had a firmer place in his affections, if from no other consideration than this, — that he would have been always found foremost in conscientiously doing all in his power to exert an influence in sustaining, in letter and spirit, the regulations of the schoolroom, and the requirements of the teacher; and, in his in and out

door example, always illustrating in word and deed whatsoever things are pure, lovely, honest, and of good report.

After Mr. King closed his connection with school, the pleasant relations that had always existed between us, as teacher and pupil, continued in all their freshness and confidence. We often met in public and private, and always with mutual pleasure. His course of study, his present pursuits, and his plans for future life, were explained and expressed with that frankness and simplicity which was a chief characteristic of his earnest and confiding nature. A short time after his settlement over the Hollis-street Church, in Boston, he was appointed chairman of the committee on the school over which I now preside. His visits were frequent, pleasant, and profitable to all concerned. I can never forget the lively interest he always manifested in every thing pertaining to the best welfare of the school; and I have no doubt many of my former pupils remember with much interest and profit the tender and soul-stirring appeals he so touchingly made in his most welcome visits, on the importance of appreciating their many privileges, and faithfully performing all school-duties, so that they might, in the future, enter upon the active duties of life, Christian citizens, men pure in heart, strong in mind, healthy in body, obedient subjects, wise rulers.

The life of Mr. King, from early youth to the grave, was always sincere, pure, enthusiastic. His earnest nature, his glorious aspirations, his love of the true and the beautiful, his honesty of heart in all he said and did, gave a peculiar charm to his eventful life. He constantly exemplified in all he did that principle and moral thoughtfulness were the controlling motives of action.

He wielded, at all times and under all circumstances, a moral power, and maintained and ever exhibited a force of character, a determination to carry out principles, a consecration to his work, a complete abandonment of self in the discharge of duty, which convinced every one of the uprightness and purity of his intentions. The true humility and the unaffected simplicity of a life of such unresting diligence, gave a daily and living enforcement to the truth, that "life is real, life is earnest."

The emanation from his example permeated the atmosphere around him; and others could not help being invigorated with the belief that they, in some measure, should go and do likewise. His name will ever be fragrant in our memory; and his spirit, grateful as the breath of morning, will perpetuate his fame and influence. Called thus suddenly and young from scenes of influence and activity, leaving an aching void in many a heart, we can all, in submission and trust, most truthfully say of our departed

friend, that "that life was long which answered life's great ends."

I am yours most truly,

JOSHUA BATES.

BOSTON, April 15, 1864.

II.

LETTER OF PROFESSOR TWEED.

COLLEGE HILL, April 26, 1864.

MR. FROTHINGHAM.

DEAR SIR, — I well remember going to Medford, on the 4th of July, 1845, to hear the oration to be given by Mr. King, or Starr, as we all called him. It was a beautiful day, and the large Unitarian church was well filled. Rev. C. Stetson and Dr. Ballou went into the desk with the orator. After the preliminary exercises, they came down, and occupied a pew in front of the pulpit. Dr. Ballou was evidently not quite at ease. He knew that the audience contained many discriminating and critical minds not particularly tolerant of showy rhetoric, if it lacked the essential requisites of just and vigorous thought; and I think he had not yet witnessed any of Starr's public performances. The doctor's accustomed caution manifested itself in every line

of his tell-tale face. His compressed lips and contracted brow showed that he distrusted, or feared at least, the ability of his young friend to meet the demands of his audience.

Not so, however, with Starr. With that quiet self-possession which all who ever heard him must have noticed, and which was equally removed from an unmanly diffidence and an offensive assurance, he began. Soon came some of those crystallized statements sparkling with all the tints of the rainbow, for which he was so remarkable. Mr. Stetson, who never could enjoy a good thing alone, turned to Dr. Ballou and others, nodding approval; when another and another grand thought or splendid image, uttered in those rich tones which all will remember, made such constant calls upon his admiration, that he seemed likely to share about equally the attention of those near him, with the orator. He could not sit still, and took no pains to, but manifested the most unequivocal symptoms of delight. Dr. Ballou, less demonstrative, though probably not less pleased, gradually relaxed the tension of his muscles, at first expressing a quiet satisfaction, then delight, then admiration. Those only who were intimately acquainted with the doctor can have any adequate idea of the breadth and compass of expression in his serene countenance.

Starr's sensitive nature interpreted, as by instinct, every shade of feeling; and, as he told me after-

wards, "when the doctor's face was all aglow with satisfaction, he knew it was all right."

As soon as the oration was completed, Mr. Stetson stepped into the desk, and, pressing the young orator's hand, said, in a whisper, "it was like Charles Lamb's roast pig, — good throughout, no part better or worse than another."

I may add that Mr. Stetson and Dr. Ballou were the true exponents of the audience. It was a complete success.

Yours truly,

B. F. TWEED.

III.

MR. KING'S LETTER RESIGNING THE PASTORSHIP OF THE HOLLIS-STREET SOCIETY.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 25, 1861.

Messrs. WARREN SAWYER, THOMAS BANCROFT, and NATHANIEL HARRIS, Standing Committee of Hollis-street Parish.

I DID not receive your very admirable letter, representing the condition and interests of the Hollis-street parish, until a day or two since, — one month after it was mailed in Boston. There is now no pony express by which this reply can be sent to you.

With great regret I have read the account of losses which the parish has sustained in its material affairs. And yet I must congratulate you, that after so many months of war and disaster, and with such a noble account of services rendered to the country and to beneficent enterprises, you commenced a new financial year, not only free from debt, but with money in the treasury. There has been systematic and efficient labor in behalf of the interests of the society, and for Christian objects during the year, which calls for the tribute of admiration and gratitude.

To your inquiries, very kindly and delicately made, as to the probabilities of my return, let me answer you as frankly as possible.

At no moment of my residence here has my heart wavered in its allegiance to New England and Boston. The ties have strengthened, or rather absence and distance have shown me how much of a New-Englander I am. No man, I believe, could have gone from your city less fitted to be an emigrant to a life so different and a coast so far, than I. And constant and responsible labor, attended as men sometimes assure me with valuable and cheering results, has not been able to alienate my interests from you, or to make the prospect of a permanent abode here — grand as this State is, and as its future must be — any more inviting.

But it seemed to me to be a duty to come here. I

believe that it was. I cannot regret my removal. And, in spite of my inclination, I believe that it is my duty to stay.

These are military times. The laws of enlistment, and the commands from headquarters, override all private inclinations and will. When I see what still remains to be done here, — duties which a year ago could not have been dreamed of, — and what disasters would be threatened if I should decide to go next April, I dare not yield to my impulses, and let my desire to be again with old friends, and in the home of my heart, dictate my decision. If I *could* say, that, at the end of my second year of absence, I should return to Boston, it would give *me* more pleasure than any of *you* could experience. But I dare not say so. And although I am under no pledge whatever, and have not been, to remain here an hour beyond next April, I see that it would be wrong to leave so soon.

If this, brethren and friends, is a disappointment to any of you, remember that it is so to me *more* than to any of you. If I could look forward to years of health and service as your minister, with a furnished mind and a brain refreshed, I assure you that it would give me deep and thorough joy.

But as I must stay in this State one year longer at least, and as the shadows lie over the path beyond that time, and as I cannot tell if then, should I live,

my overworked mind and frame will be fit for continued service with you or anywhere, I must reluctantly but unavoidably surrender into your hands all that is left of the trust that has bound me to your noble pulpit and your nobler band.

It is not for me now, my dear friends, to urge you to concentrate your zeal and efforts in support of the church for which it was my privilege to labor with you during many years. When a regiment is thinned in battle, the officers and privates that remain are none the less devoted to its honor and its colors, especially if it holds a position on the field of great importance in the general conflict; and, if it has a historic renown, its tattered flag is then dearer than the bright stripes and clean stars were when the ranks were full. But it is not for me now to show you what a powerful nucleus you have for a strong working body in Boston, nor to urge you to begin with a good heart to seek for a minister to unite his fortunes with you, while you have so many working members, and are free from debt.

Words that refer to duty and conscience are out of place from my pen now. And I cannot heartily use them. They are too cold. It is for me, as I recall the scenes which nearly twelve years of labor with you have left in my memory, to thank God for my association with you, and to ask pardon for remissness in service. I close the record with pain,

when I think of the friends from whom I must part as parishioners. I close it with something like satisfaction, when I think that now you are at full liberty to obtain a minister who shall be able to serve you more faithfully than I have done.

Never again in life can I expect to be associated in parochial fellowship so honorable, satisfactory, and precious. But I bow to the voice that bids me remain in a field so distant from my heart's choice. And I invoke for all of you, and for your families, the favor and protection of Him who is our country's God and hope, and the defender of all earnest and trusting toil; and, with gratitude that will never fail for all your kindness and fidelity, I am, in sadness and with affection,

Your friend,

THS. STARR KING.

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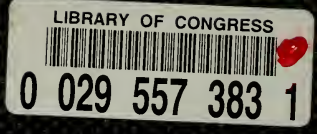
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